LEARY LETTER INSIDE

THE east village OTHER

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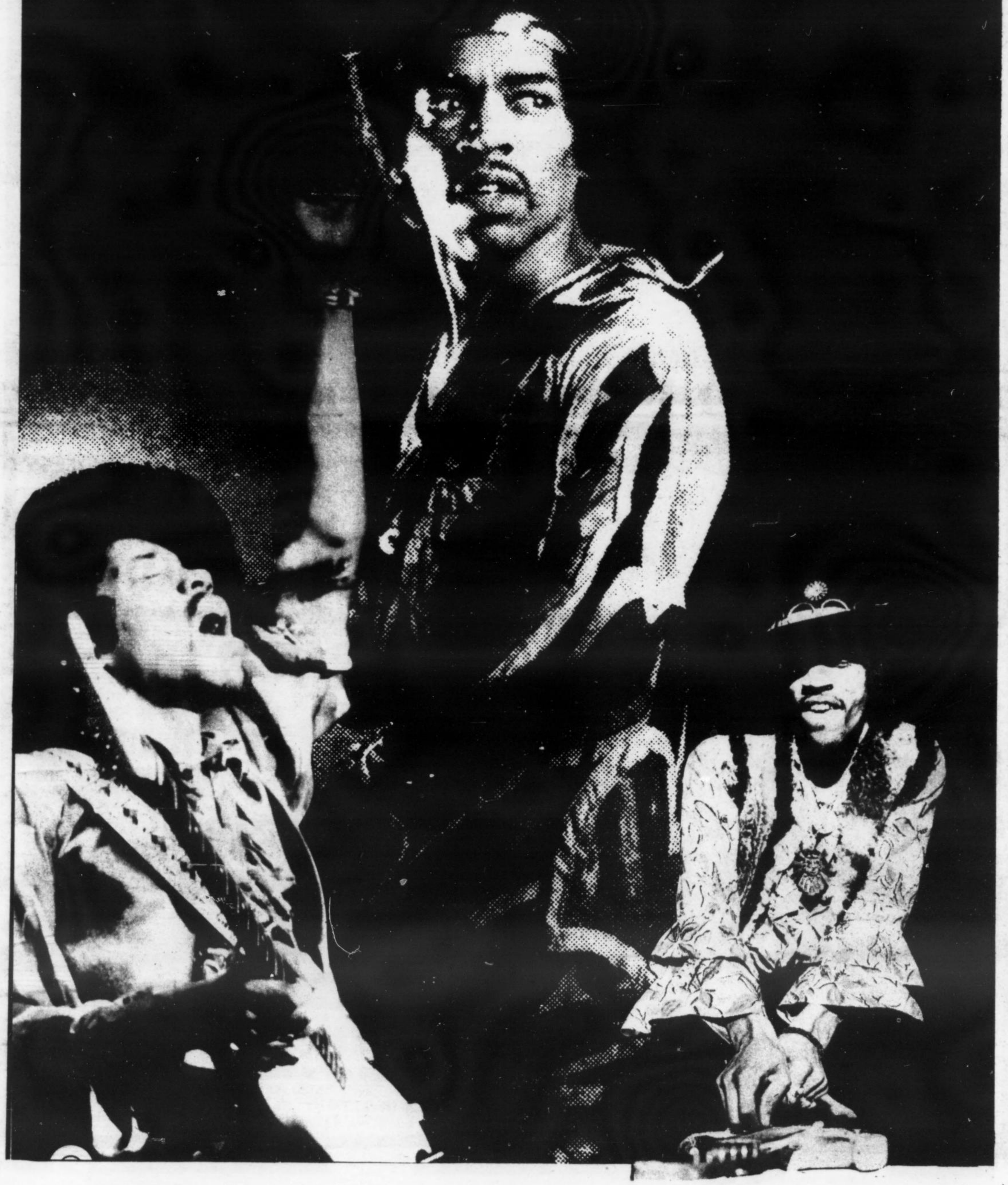


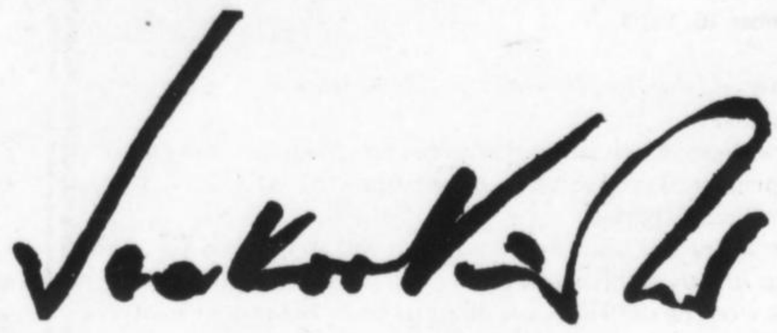
HIRAP

Tim Leary's leap to freedom forces us to reexamine our attitudes and posture toward the omnipotent might of the law. The multitude of bum rap political FRAMEUPS currently in progress throughout the country makes it imperative to lend a second thought to our past willingness to participate in the dull and irrelevant legal subterfuge, that bottomless bag of lies, tricks and contradictions solely designed to render us exhausted and depleted, if not dead or locked up for eternity.

The twelve years meted out to Lonnie McLucas in New Haven proved that all the praise his mouthpiece had for the jury system didn't change things after all. In New York, the clum sy exercise in judicial tyranny practiced by Judge Murtagh is but a prelude to Bobby Seale's upcoming appearance before Julius The Just in Chicago on October 18th.

Isn't it time to put an end to all these silly habits out of the distant past of respectable dissent?

ONLY A UNILATERAL BOYCOTT OF ALL PRESENT AND FUTURE LEGAL HARRASSMENTS can put matters in a coherent perspective. The assumption of "Justice" is a luxury we can ill afford. To believe in the possibility of vindication in the hands of a paid political hack is but a daydream. The fabric of our society does not lend itself to the smug comforts of an illusion. To insist upon it may be suicidal.



you can be anything this time around...

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KARIN BERG
FRED MOGUBGUB
STEVEN HELLER
RAY SHULTZ
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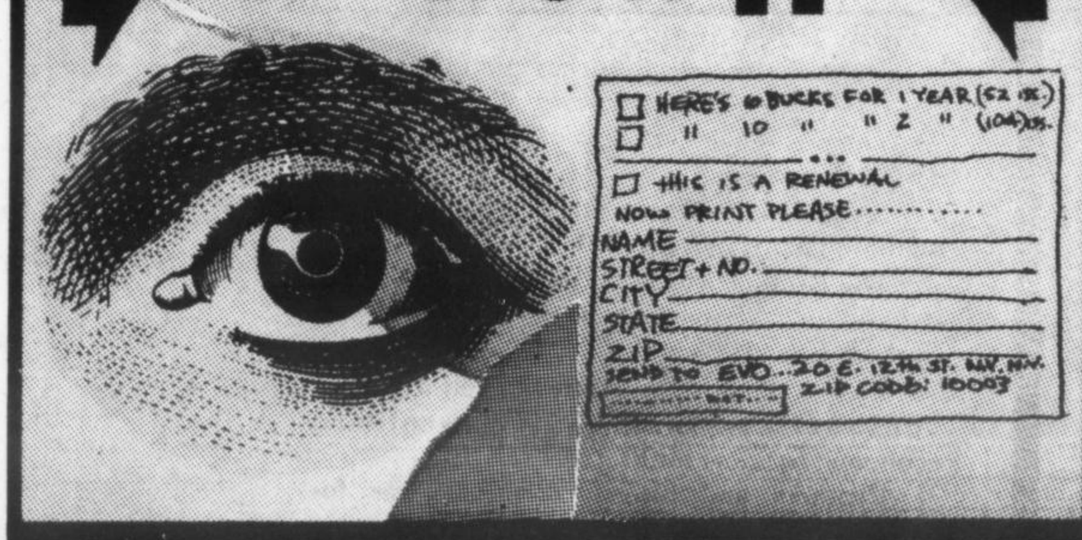
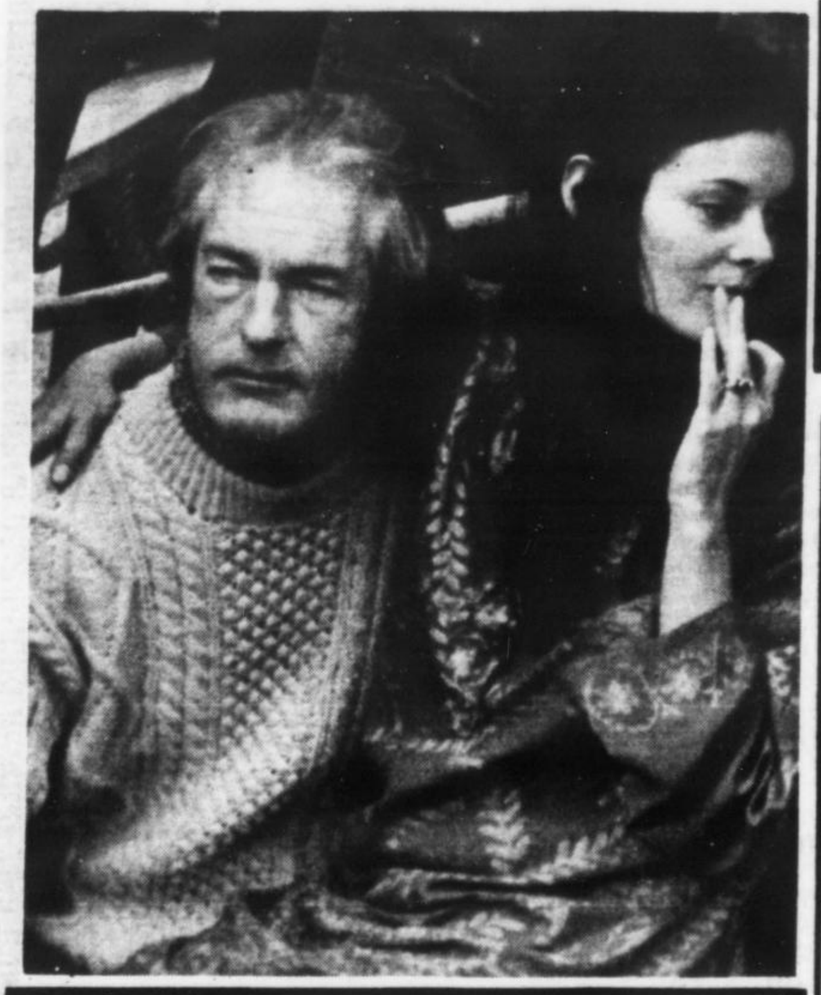


EVO PHONE # 255-2130

APOLOGIES TO SUBSCRIBERS WHO DID NOT RECEIVE THEIR EVO SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT IN PROCESS OF REORGANIZATION. THANKS FOR BEARING WITH US.



LEARY

September 15, 1970

This is the fourth communication from the Weatherman Underground.

The Weatherman Underground has had the honor and pleasure of helping Dr. Timothy Leary escape from the POW camp at San Luis Obispo, California.

Dr. Leary was being held against his will and against the will of millions of kids in this country. He was a political prisoner, captured for the work he did in helping all of us begin the task of creating a new culture on the barren wasteland that has been imposed on this country by Democrats, Republicans, Capitalists, and creeps.

LSD and grass, like the herbs and cactus and mushrooms of the American Indians and countless civilizations that have existed on this planet, will help us make a future world where it will be possible to live in peace.

Now we are at war.

With the NLF and the North Vietnamese, with the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine and Al Fatah, with Rap Brown and Angela Davis, with all black and brown revolutionaries, the Soledad brothers and all prisoners of war in Amerikan concentration camps we know that peace is only possible through the destruction of U.S. imperialism.

Our organization commits itself to the task of freeing these prisoners of war.

We are outlaws, we are free!

Bernardine Dohrn

The following statement was written in the POW camp and carried over the wall (in full sight of two gun trucks). I offer loving gratitude to my Sisters and Brothers in the WEATHERMAN UNDERGROUND who designed and executed my liberation.

Rosemary and I are now with the Underground and we'll continue to stay high and wage the revolutionary war.

There is the time for peace and the time for war.

There is the day of laughing Krishna and the day of Grim Shiva.

Brothers and Sisters, at this time let us have no more talk of peace.

The conflict which we have sought to avoid is upon us. A world wide ecological religious warfare. Life vs. Death.

Listen. It is a comfortable, self-indulgent cop-out to look for conventional economic-political solutions.

Brothers and Sisters, this is a war for survival. Ask Huey and Angela. They dig it.

Ask the wild free animals. They know it.

Ask the turned-on ecologists. They sadly admit it.

I declare that World War III is now being waged by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life by the imposition of mechanical order.

Listen. There is no choice left but to defend life by all and every means possible against the genocidal machine.

Listen. There are no neutrals in genetic warfare. There are no non-combatants at Buchenwald, My Lai or Soledad.

You are part of the death apparatus or you belong to the network of free life.

Do not be deceived. It is a classic strategem of genocide to camouflage their wars as law and order police action.

Remember the Sioux and the German Jews and the black slaves and the marijuana pogroms and the pious TWA indignation over airline hijackings!

If you fail to see that we are the victims – defendants of genocidal war you will not understand the rage of the blacks, the fierceness of the browns, the holy fanaticism of the Palestinians, the righteous mania of the Weathermen, and the pervasive resentment of the young.

Listen Americans. Your government is an instrument of total lethal evil.

Remember the buffalo and the Iroquois!

Remember Kennedy, King, Malcolm, Lenny!

Listen. There is no compromise with a machine. You cannot talk peace and love to a humanoid robot whose every Federal Bureaucratic Impulse is soulless, heartless, humorless, lifeless, loveless.

In this life struggle we use the ancient holy strategies of organic life:

1) Resist lovingly in the loyalty of the underground sisterhoods and brotherhoods.
2) Resist passively, break lock-step . . . drop out.
3) Resist actively, sabotage, jam the computer . . . hijack planes . . .
4) Resist publicly, announce life . . . denounce death.
5) Resist privately, guerilla invisibility.
6) Resist beautifully, create organic art, music.
7) Resist biologically, be healthy . . . erotic . . . conspire with seed . . . breed.
8) Resist spiritually, stay high . . . praise God . . . love life . . . blow the mechanical mind with Holy Acid . . . dose them . . . dose them . . . dose them. . .
9) Resist physically, robot agents who threaten life must be disarmed, disabled, disconnected by force . . . Arm yourselves and shoot to live . . . life is never violent. To shoot a genocidal robot policeman in the defense of life is a sacred act.

Listen Nixon. We were never that naive. We knew that flowers in your gunbarrels were risky. We too remembered Munich and Auschwitz all too well as we chanted love and raised our Woodstock fingers in the gentle sign of peace.

We begged you to live and let live, to love and let love, but you have chosen to kill and get killed. May God have mercy on your lost soul. For the last seven months, I, a free, wild man, have been locked in POW camps. No living creature can survive in a cage. In my flight to freedom I leave behind a million brothers and sisters in the POW prisons of Quentin, Soledad, Con Thien . . .

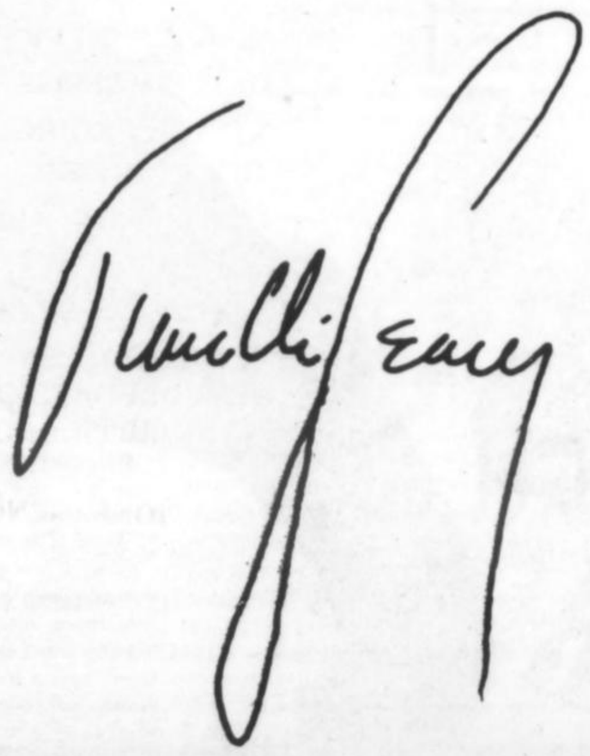
Listen comrades. The liberation war has just begun. Resist, endure, do not collaborate. Strike. You will be free.

Listen you brothers of the imprisoned. Break them out! If David Harris has ten friends in the world, I say to you, get off your pious non-violent asses and break him out.

There is no excuse for one brother or sister to remain a prisoner of war.

Right on Leila Khaled!

Listen, the hour is late. Total war is upon us. Fight to live or you'll die. Freedom is life. Freedom will live.



WARNING: I am armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life or my freedom.

A JURY OF THEIR PEERS

BY JACKIE FRIEDRICH

The powers that were never saw fit to actually declare war on Vietnam. The powers that be haven't seen fit to come right out and declare war on the Black Panther Party – they call it 'indicting' them. And so Amerika continues its conspiracy against the Black Panther Party in "The Ballad of Honest John," or the Death Squad vs. the Life Squad, in the second week of the trial of the Panther 21.

At the end of the third day of the trial, Michael Tabor asked for an adjournment on the grounds that he was not feeling well. Murtagh allowed the adjournment, intimating that Tabor was lying. Tabor called him up on that, but Murtagh backed off, saying that court would resume on Monday.

Before the prospective jury came in on Monday, the fourth day of the trial, Gerry Lefcourt called for a mistrial on the grounds that Murtagh had accused the defendants and counsel of being liars. Murtagh, of course, denied the motion.

Murtagh might be gainfully employed if W.C. Fields were still alive and wrote a part for an older, straight, constipated brother, who was keeper of the accounts or executor of the estate, and found his sibling patently unfunny, since that is exactly what Murtagh looks like. However, he now spends his time subtly making things difficult for the defendants in front of the prospective jurors, and not so subtly when the court is empty. His pet peeves are attorneys Bloom, Lefcourt, and Katz, and he takes any opportunity to remind them that they are insolent, dull, have no respect for judicial procedures, and do not use their time efficiently. Murtagh's favorite song is the one about "The defendants are presumed innocent until proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt . . ." which he uses to strongarm wavering prospective jurors, who have just admitted to some bias in favor of the prosecution.

After the denied motion for mistrial on Monday the 14th, the court filled up and Mr Blough took the stand again, and Michael Tabor took over the examination. Did Mr Blough ever know of a conspiracy between the judge and the district attorney to deprive defendants of their Constitutional rights? No, Blough never knew of one. What were his views on Communism? Objection by Phillips, sustained by Murtagh (a common refrain). Was Blough familiar with Marcuse. He'd read some of his books and considered him a 'philosophical anarchist' proclaiming 'freedom for himself and little for others.' Did citizens have the right to bear arms? Objection – Phillips; sustained – Murtagh. Did Blough feel he could be classified as a peer of the defendants? Objection – Phillips; sustained – Murtagh. Was he familiar with Hoover's feelings about the BPP? Hoover was not one of Blough's 'favorites.' Any feelings about the Columbia riots? "Dissent should take civil forms . . . it was an appropriate way of students to show views . . . but they should not hold individuals or property." The terms "PIG" and "NIGGER"? They are 'insulting and degrading' and do not add 'lustre to the person using' them. Was Blough familiar with fascism in present day Amerika? Objection – Phillips; sustained – Murtagh. Did citizens have the right to overthrow an oppressive government? Objection – Phillips; sustained – Murtagh. Tabor questioned the challenge on the grounds that Phillips had asked a similar question of prospective juror Grose. Murtagh backed off. Blough replied that the citizens did have the right to overthrow an oppressive government, only when there were no other channels to be taken, but this does not exist in Amerika today. Did Blough see any indications that the government intends to rectify the situation of the blacks. Yes. Where? Objection – Phillips; sustained – Murtagh. With Nixon? Objection – sustained.

Counsellor Crain then took over the questioning. Blough admitted to be tentatively hostile to destroyers and felt people who did acts of violence should be punished. He thinks the Amerikan system has incredible ability to adapt.

Crain found that Blough is a friend and distant relative of Roger Blough, chairman of U.S. Steel.

The defense then challenged Blough because he has ties with Hogan, big organizations, and because of his long relationship with the system and has certain strong feelings about it. Murtagh denied the challenge, so the defense had to use its dwindling supply of preemptory challenges to get rid of Blough.

The next man to take the stand was Mr Sutherland, a retired black man, who used to work for Western Electric. He claimed to have a fixed opinion about the case and was excused.

William J Beiser was the next to come to the stand. A forty-two year old white man, he teaches Amerikan History at New Lincoln, and has been living on Morton Street for the past fifteen years.

He is interested in intellectual history, the history of ideas, but wouldn't read a partisan paper of any kind. (He reads the Times.) Against the use of force in present-day Amerika, he would think badly of the Panthers if they advocate it, but thinks well of them for their social programs. "I see them sitting in this courtroom like perfectly respectable citizens." But he admitted to having a conditional negative opinion of the BPP. He would not attend a meeting of the BPP as he is not interested in any 'present political tendency' in Amerika.

Mr Beiser was found acceptable by both the defense and the prosecution. He is the second juror to be selected.

Glover Buck next took the stand, but was excused because of his time schedule.

Walter McGuire came next. A white man who has been working for IBM for the past three years, and who had previously worked for the sanitation department, he felt he could be a fair juror.

He didn't know anything about this trial, but had followed the Chicago trial in the papers and on TV. However, he doesn't remember any of the names of the people involved in the Chicago trial or the verdict, and did not see any similarity between that trial and the trial of the Panther 21.

McGuire has a friend named McKuen who is a police captain, I think in the 34th precinct. (He was also assigned as an undercover agent in Chicago.) Sandy Katz asked Mr McGuire if he would be influenced by the fact that the 34th precinct, which is near his home, had been mentioned as one of the buildings to be bombed in the indictment of the Panther 21.

When asked if he felt the BPP went along with violence, McGuire said yes. Did the fact that they had been indicted carry any weight? "They must be here for something. They're not here to brush their teeth."

The defense then challenged, saying that McGuire had preconceived notions on the Panthers. The challenge was denied.

After a few more questions, court was presumably over for the day and the room cleared out. However, defense attorney Bob Bloom had to stand before Murtagh to give a good reason why he had to come in an hour and a half late from lunch, constituting contempt of court. Bloom explained that, during lunch recess, a girl had approached him concerning her brother, who was on trial for homicide. Bloom was defending him in another room in the building and the judge wanted him there at 2:00. When he got there, Bloom explained to the judge that he had to be at the Panther trial at 2:15, but the judge said that he had spoken to Murtagh, and it was all taken care of. Murtagh admitted that the judge had spoken to him but had not said what Bloom claimed, and that the episode reflected Bloom's "carelessness in general," his lack of respect for the judiciary, and said that Bloom was generally insolent, and dull. Murtagh decided to yield temporarily, and would consider the matter, however the next morning, the D.A. from the other court told Murtagh that Bloom's understanding was identical to his.

Court resumed the next day, and McGuire again took the stand.

Sandy Katz asked him if the fact that someone was on welfare or relief would influence his judgement of that person. No, not necessarily. If that person was an able bodied male? Objection – Phillips; sustained – Murtagh. If it appears that one of the male defendant's family were on relief? "I don't believe of anybody being on relief who's able to work, just to take advantage of relief."

In view of what he'd heard and read about the BPP in the various media, Katz asked McGuire if he felt the BPP could be equated with violence. "What other view could I form?"

Is the BPP prone to violence? "Yes."

Challenge followed by the Murtagh song of "presumed innocence," and then a denial of the challenge. A guard then approached me and told me I had to stop making faces after statements and actions by Murtagh.

McGuire repeated that he felt he could be fair, but added that previously he had had some reservations. Previously? "Yesterday." When asked what made him change his mind, he said, "Nothing." This time the challenge, which should have been sustained some two hours ago, was sustained. Later Murtagh accused the defense of wasting time.

Mrs Sylvia Grossman was excused after saying she had heard about the Panthers and was biased. Then Mr Edward Meyer was excused. They were followed by Irving Berman, Bernice Fleisher, Paul Katz, Remo Iagnocco, Shirley Smith, Elio Godero and George Winfield, all of whom were excused, either with notes for the judge, or a firm, unshakable bias.

The next long distance runner to take the stand was one Patrick Kilfeather, a naturalized citizen of Irish origin.

Mr Kilfeather works as a watch engineer at the Frick Museum and said he didn't like the nature of the questioning at the trial, as it seemed to be mostly hypothetical.

During one point of the 'hypothetical' questioning, Murtagh said to McKinney, "I suggest you avail yourself of your legal knowledge."

Mr Kilfeather was not aware of the existence of the case until he came to court. He has never read anything about the BPP and refused to give any political opinions. "Things of a political nature in the United States, I try to remain disinterested." But he has followed Irish politics since coming to the U.S.

When asked how he felt about Bernadette Devlin, Phillips raised an objection. And it was sustained. Murtagh said that Irish politics were completely irrelevant to the case at hand, and "in fairness to the witness, in fairness to the court, move on."

When asked about changes in the system and violence, Kilfeather said, "I'm for all radical change, if it will right any wrong that's done to anybody, in this case the negro people . . . I don't condone violence . . . I can see in situations where violence would be necessary . . . but in circumstances as they are in the U.S., there is no need for violence."

In reference to the defendants, he said, they "seem to be orderly and enjoying themselves."

Kilfeather had been a student at Bronx Community College, and had heard of Joan Bird while he was there, but could not remember what he felt about her at the time.

Did he object to the Irish demonstrations outside of the British Consulate? Objection – sustained.

Tabor asked him, if he were on trial, would he like the present defendants to be his jury. But there was an objection by Phillips and it was sustained.

Was he a Catholic or a Protestant? Objection – sustained.

Is self-defense an inborn right? "Mr Tabor, you are not acquainted with the law. Self-defense is what the legislature deems it to be," said Murtagh, adding that the defense's only concern should be whether or not the prospective juror will follow the law.

"There is no doubt in my mind that the prospective juror will follow the law as laid down by the legislature. That is my worry." – Tabor.

Had Kilfeather heard of Fred Hampton? Phillips interjected with "Hampton has no relevance here," which Murtagh sustained, even after Tabor reminded them that BPP is a National Party, and that people only know of the Panthers as a national group, and not which Panther is in which city.

Kilfeather refused to use the word 'black,' preferring 'negro.' He said 'black' connotes a distinction between people.

The questioning continued, but objections, upheld by Murtagh, were the order of the day, so the defense came forth with a preemptory challenge.

Now it was time for Murtagh to drag out the dirty laundry. It seems that Gerry Lefcourt brought a package to Curtis Powell after lunch. It contained a shirt. Murtagh again levelled claims that the defense had no respect for the court. Phillips piped up with the opinion that the previous day some of the defendants would not leave the court to go back to jail and that counsel did not help. (The defendants were to be taken to the hospital the following morning, and wanted either an adjournment, if they went to hospital, or for the hospital visit to be postponed. Murtagh would not reply to their questions.)

Murtagh supported Phillips and said that he was driven to leave the bench to get the defendants to leave.

Crain started to argue with him, but Murtagh shouted, "I direct that you be quiet," and again chastised the defense, saying that their voir dire was unnecessarily protracted.

A Mrs Tarlow took the stand and was excused, as she was out of work and looking for a job.

Louis Kaplan, who works for the Internal Revenue Service, was excused because his wife is expecting.

Ben Wakmin took the stand next. He is doing his dissertation on a black radical from 1917-18-19, who was considered the most dangerous black man in Amerika.

An ex-graduate student from Columbia U., Wakmin has been living on Claremont Ave for the last seven years, and calld himself a 'social democrat.'

He has been saving clippings of articles of the Panthers, and a Swedish friend of his borrowed those clippings for a book he wrote on the Panthers. He sent Wakmin a copy of the completed book, but it was in Swedish.

Wakmin feels that the Panthers associate themselves with violence, and he, himself, does not feel that social change in Amerika will happen that way.

Wakmin had the whole court laughing, even the judge, but when asked by Phillips if he would use being a member of the jury for social research, Wakmin said, "It's too serious to think of it as research."

Wakmin said he felt he could be fair, unless his mind were to be "taken over by the devil tomorrow." However, he added that "anyone has doubts about what to do about bad laws."

Wakmin received a preemptory challenge from Phillips.

After Wakmin was excused, the defense renewed a bail application for Lee Roper. The application was denied, with Murtagh stating that Roper must submit an affidavit with the "needed evidence."

On the 6th day of the trial, Afeni Shakur arrived fifteen minutes late. Murtagh informed her that that constitutes contempt and that he is considering revoking her bail.

Prospective jurors, Constantin Fernandez, Mr DiDonato, Rose Weisborg, Curtis Brown, and Robert Carrington were excused with notes, or because of their bias.

Victor Brunst took the stand, saying that he felt he was not the type of juror that the defense was looking for.

A naturalized citizen, born in Prague, of 'white Russian' parents, and raised in Germany in an avowedly anti-Communist atmosphere, he said he felt he could lay aside personal opinions.

Mr Brunst has been working for Mobil Oil for the past three years. Before that he worked for the SEC.

Brunst became a citizen by conviction. He believes in this government and in this society.

Still a member of the reserves, he associated the BPP with the Weathermen, the Minutemen and other militant groups. He associated the defendants with violence because they wouldn't be here if the D.A. didn't think he had a case, although legally they're innocent.

After hearing that the BPP was Marxist-Leninist, Brunst said he might not be able to be a fair juror. Murtagh began his song again. A challenge for cause was denied, and a preemptory challenge issued.

At this time the first panel of prospective jurors was down to its last five candidates, so the new panel was brought in, to sit through the day not knowing what the indictment was, and perhaps even ignorant of what this trial was all about.

The questioning of the last five proceeded. Charles Cunningham, a fifty-four year old black man took the stand.

Cunningham holds two jobs: one at the State Insurance department, and the other – a clerical job at the Post Office.

He does not have time to read the papers, and claims he knows nothing about terrorism, guerilla warfare, or police brutality. He is another one who has seen the 'headlines' – about the New Haven trial. But he knows nothing about the BPP, the New York indictment, and has never read a Panther paper.

As a city employee, he said his feelings "just might" influence him. And he was worried about serving as a juror because he felt it might influence his job in the Post Office. Murtagh assured him that it would not.

Cummingham was born in Selma, Alabama, and went to a segregated school there. He was not bothered by the fact that it was segregated and did not feel it was inferior to white schools. Nor was he affected by being in a segregated unit in the army. "I had no choice," he said. And he did not consider opposing it. Similarly, he had no opinion on the civil rights movement in the south, saying, "I don't live there anymore."

He thinks policemen are "fine young man" and has never heard of Bobby Seale, but admired Martin Luther King (who seems to be well loved by most prospective jurors.)

Tabor asked him if he felt that the standard of living in Harlem was different than the standard of living in predominantly white areas of the city. "Yes." Is the standard of living in Harlem inferior? "Yes." Is that correct? "It shouldn't be." Do you oppose it? "I don't oppose that . . . People should try to better themselves . . . "

Cunningham is opposed to violence and when asked if that would influence his judgement, Phillips again objected, and Murtagh again sustained, going into his favorite song again.

Cunningham, who had told the court of his fits of nervousness, had no opinion on the terms "Black Power" or "Uncle Tom." Asked if he responded to authority with respect or fear, he said, " . . . authority, that means something . . . the judge will tell me the law . . . whether I agree or disagree has no bearing. I would have to do what he says."

Murtagh took the opportunity to criticize Bob Bloom for his long voir dire and "irrelevant" questions.

Afeni Shakur took the floor for the first time and asked Cunningham what he felt should be done about racial unrest. After a long silence, he said, "That's a question. I really can't answer that question." Did he think that welfare recipients were lazy? "No." Did the black people have a right to be angry? "No."

The defense then issued a preemptory challenge.

Two more prospective jurors were excused and John R Thomas took the stand.

Thomas is a vocational counselor in Ocean-Hill Brownsville. He also works for the Urban Center and at the Malcolm-King college extension program.

Although he was aware of their existence, he said he knew nothing about the Panthers. He was aware that police brutality existed, and said it should be condemned, as should racial prejudice.

In view of justice, as it is supposed to be, in Amerika, Thomas would have made the perfect juror. He was among the closest, in terms of age, to the defendants, and was aware of the problems in the ghetto, while not being militant. But Phillips is more interested in a conviction, than he is in seeing that the Panthers get a jury of their peers, and so he used the preemptory challenge to rid the court of the man who had intimated that he would hang the jury, if he found it necessary.

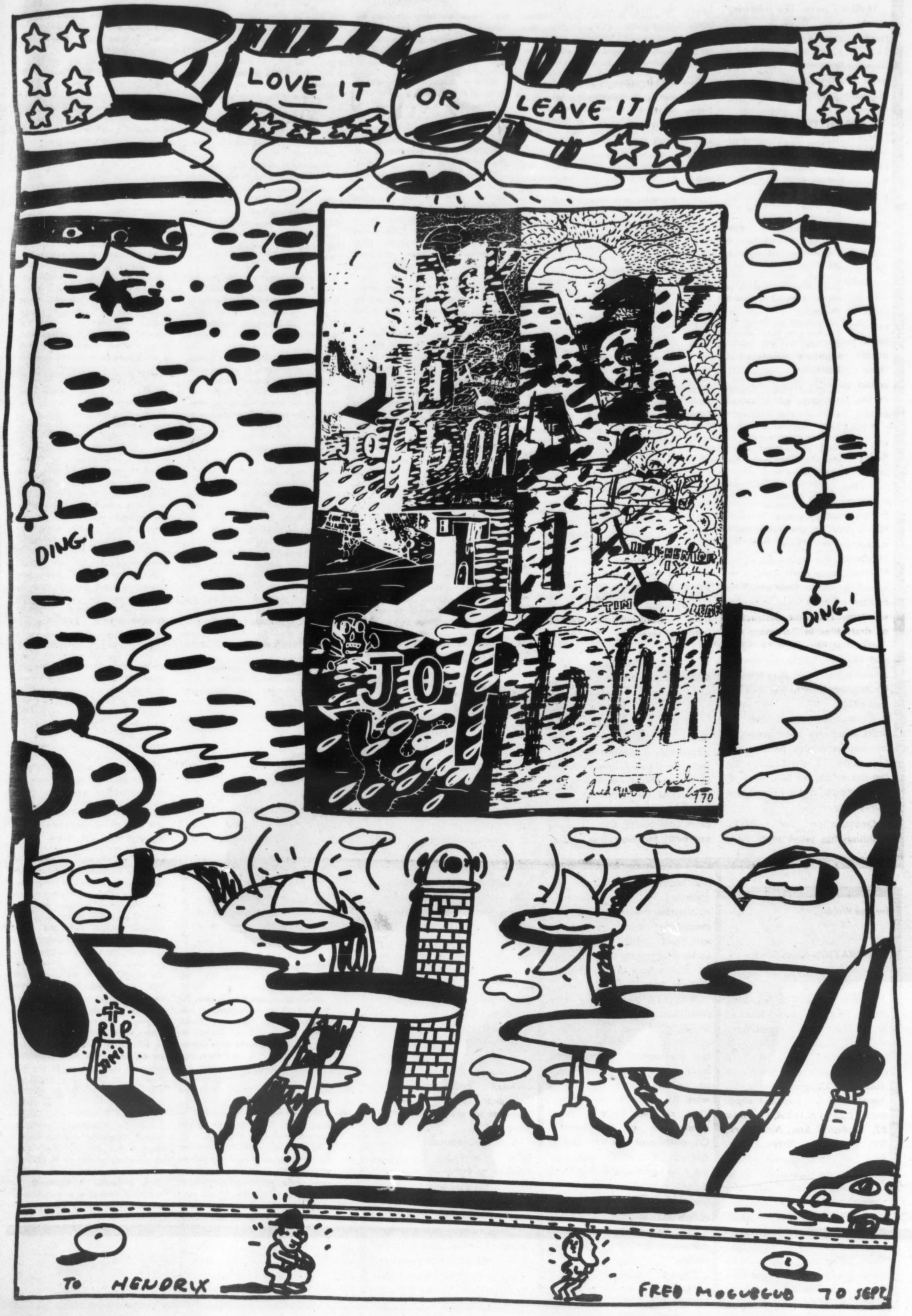
Murtagh now took the time to welcome the new panel of prospective jurors, reading the indictment to them. He went on to describe court proceedings in wuch a way as to leave no doubt as to his bias, and lack of respect for the defendants. He cloaks his words behind the rhetoric of his office, and in the name of the state, subtly and insidiously prejudices the jury. He rambled on metaphorically describing court procedures, and how it was like a play, where one person might have only a bit part, but he is still in the play – in other words, if one is guilty, all are guilty.

On Thursday, the court was adjourned because Joan Bird was ill. Afeni Shakur gave a short press conference, explaining the nature of Joan's illness.

Both Joan and Afeni were in the Women's House of Detention. Joan for sixteen months, and Afeni for ten months. When Afeni left prison, she found she had contracted a serious abdominal infection, due to the filth and lack of feminine hygiene in the prison. Joan is now the victim of the same infection.

In the Women's House of Detention, none of the women are allowed to douch, and because of the filth, the women are constantly prey to such infections. At one time, all the sisters signed a petition, asking either to be allowed to douche or to have suppositories, but nothing came of it, even though they had asked for a hearing with Mrs Hagen, who is supposed to be the liberal negro warden, but she wouldn't hear of it.

And so the Death Squad continues its persecution of the Life Squad, and the stream of faceless Eleanor Rigbys and intellectual acrobats take the stand to see if they qualify to be "the supreme judges of the facts presented." So can the Panthers get a fair trial? The two jurors selected so far, while not perfect, at least have the intelligence to see through the thin veil of legal words covering Murtagh's prejudice. And they should be able to see the increasingly oppressive way he treats the defense attorneys. . . However, there is no way to adequately describe the inherent repression in that courtroom. You must see it. If you get to the 13th floor of 100 Centre St at 10:00, you will most probably get in, and hear for yourself the "Ballad of Honest John." But Timothy Leary has now become a Weatherman, and the people's Constitutional Convention deemed the use of hallucinogenic drugs revolutionary, so the Murtaghs of the world, who are convinced that their prejudice is righteous, had better take off their robes, cause you can't run too fast in the shrouds of pig justice.


LOVE IT
OR
LEAVE IT
DING!
DING!
TO HENDRIX
FRED MOGUBGUB 70 SEPT

LIBERATION News Service

(Editor's note: The following article comes from a college teacher friendly to the idea of sabotage in certain circumstances – he prefers to write anonymously. It was originally published in the Resist Newsletter.)

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. (LNS) – Acts of sabotage advance the cause of revolutionary change only when they are widely understood by a mass base as a forceful blow against the enemy. Without political understanding and approval of the target to be sabotaged, this base (as well as the general public which the movement wants to persuade) will be filled with alarm and anxiety. Lacking a political understanding of why acts of sabotage were committed, many people might conclude that these "individual terrorists" would someday attack them or at the very least "kill innocent people."

Within the white community of the U.S. at this time there is such political consciousness only in the anti-war movement, where impeding and destroying the means by which the U.S. Armed Forces carry on the Vietnam War is very well understood by a substantial mass base. American militarism, the mass killer of the Vietnamese, is recognized as an enemy whose actions must be resisted in many ways, including sabotage. Thus, the destruction of draft files in Baltimore and Catonsville, Md. (Oct. 27, 1967, and May 17, 1968), by various church-related Catholics found a positive response in the anti-war movement.

Since then, about 500,000 draft files have been destroyed by various groups such as the Milwaukee 14, the Chicago 15, the Beaver 55, the New York 8, the Boston 8, and the East Coast Conspiracy.

Destruction of ROTC buildings has taken place on a number of campuses (e.g., at Washington University in St. Louis, the ROTC building has been firebombed three times; the University of Wisconsin's Old Armory was more than half destroyed).

Sabotage by military personnel is increasing. For example, Air Force pilots in Vietnam often bomb what they know to be uninhabited areas just to get rid of their loads of bombs. The only plutonium plant in the U.S., which produces an essential missile part, was put out of production for a whole year starting in April, 1968. Two weeks after electric power lines to the plant had been sabotaged, an explosion within the plant and the resulting fire caused extensive damage.

Draft boards, recruiting stations, and induction centers have been the targets of sabotage in the past two years, and various research projects conducted by civilian firms under contract to the military have been sabotaged. The most effective of the latter, and the least publicized, was the Beaver 55's raid on the Dow Chemical Company's headquarters. The Beavers erased computer tapes on which were stored all of the data from Dow's biological and chemical warfare research program!

The political impact of sabotage on targets other than anti-war ones is less clear. Police stations and banks as targets have produced discrepant political responses. The black and student communities highly approve of police station destruction; others do not.

Banks, on the other hand, are surprisingly detested throughout the general population, as shown by the positive reaction to the burning of the Bank of America branch in Isla Vista, Calif. In the black community, there is strong approval for liberating and/or burning down various retail establishments owned by white exploiters. These white merchants are clearly defined as the enemy of the black community; hence, destruction of their property is viewed sympathetically.

In contrast, the bombings of the office buildings of Mobil Oil, IBM, the New York Stock Exchange, etc., had a largely negative political impact. Most people have little sense that these giant corporations are, in fact, the enemy, whose world-wide drive for super-profits is the direct cause of imperialist wars. The movement has failed to substantially educate itself and the general public on the implications of the concept "military-industrial complex." If the giant corporations were clearly understood as the enemy, destruction of their office buildings would have been viewed positively.

Sabotage actions receive very little publicity in the mass media because the ruling class does not want to admit the extent of their damage or to disseminate their political messages for fear of further encouraging the growth of popular sabotage groups within the anti-war movement and elsewhere.

To encourage the healthy and useful growth of anti-war sabotage groups, several critical steps should be taken. 1) A nationwide list of anti-war sabotage acts should be compiled and published. The political statements issued by many of the groups performing these acts should also be compiled and published. 2) A nationwide movement communications network should be established, with the capability of informing every section of the movement within 72 hours of significant sabotage actions. The political statements of the sabotage groups should receive wide publicity and distribution both within the movement and to the general public. As the repression grows, movement people must become less and less dependent upon ruling class media as their source of information. 3) Sabotage actions should be coordinated with aboveground organizing, so that organizers are able to get maximum political mileage from sabotage acts. However, in no sense should sabotage be considered a replacement for aboveground organizing.

THE UNIVERSITY-POLICE COMPLEX: TRAINING FOR REPRESSION

by Lee Webb

LIBERATION News Service

(Editor's note: The following article originally was published in "The University-Military-Police Complex: A Directory and Related Documents," a pamphlet put out by the North American Congress on Latin America. For a postpaid copy, send $1.25 to NACLA, P.O. Box 57, Cathedral Sta., New York, NY 10025, or NACLA-West, Box 226, Berkeley, CA 94701. Bulk rates on request. A revised, expanded edition of this pamphlet is just out.)

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) – American universities have traditionally acknowledged their "obligation to society" by training military officers in time of war; now, as the homefront war begins to monopolize the attention of the government authorities, universities are being encouraged to provide training for police officers. Over 750 colleges currently offer courses in "police science" – a fivefold increase since 1960.

According to the International Association of Chiefs of Police, 257 colleges now offer associate degrees in law enforcement, and 44 offer bachelor's degrees; the comparable figures for 1960 were 40 and 15, respectively. This massive increase is a consequence of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, which authorized the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) to finance the education of policemen, corrections officers, court personnel, and others working in the "criminal justice."

These police training programs are mirror images of the Pentagon's ROTC programs. Both police and military officials believe that the sophisticated systems and weapons being introduced require manpower with more than a high school education. Supported with grants from LEAA, police departments are attempting to utilize the new military systems developed for use in Vietnam. New "command and control" systems, communications equipment, "night vision devices," and computerized intelligence systems can only be operated by skilled and trained personnel.

A college education is now being viewed by top police officials as yet another weapon for controlling insurgent groups within the population. Quinn Tamm, Executive Director of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, once said that "a man who goes into our streets in hopes of regulating, directing or controlling human behavior must be armed with more than a gun and the ability to perform mechanical movements in response to a situation. Such men as these engage in the difficult, complex and important business of human behavior. Their intellectual armament – so long restricted – must be no less than their physical prowess." (Quotes in the report of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice.)

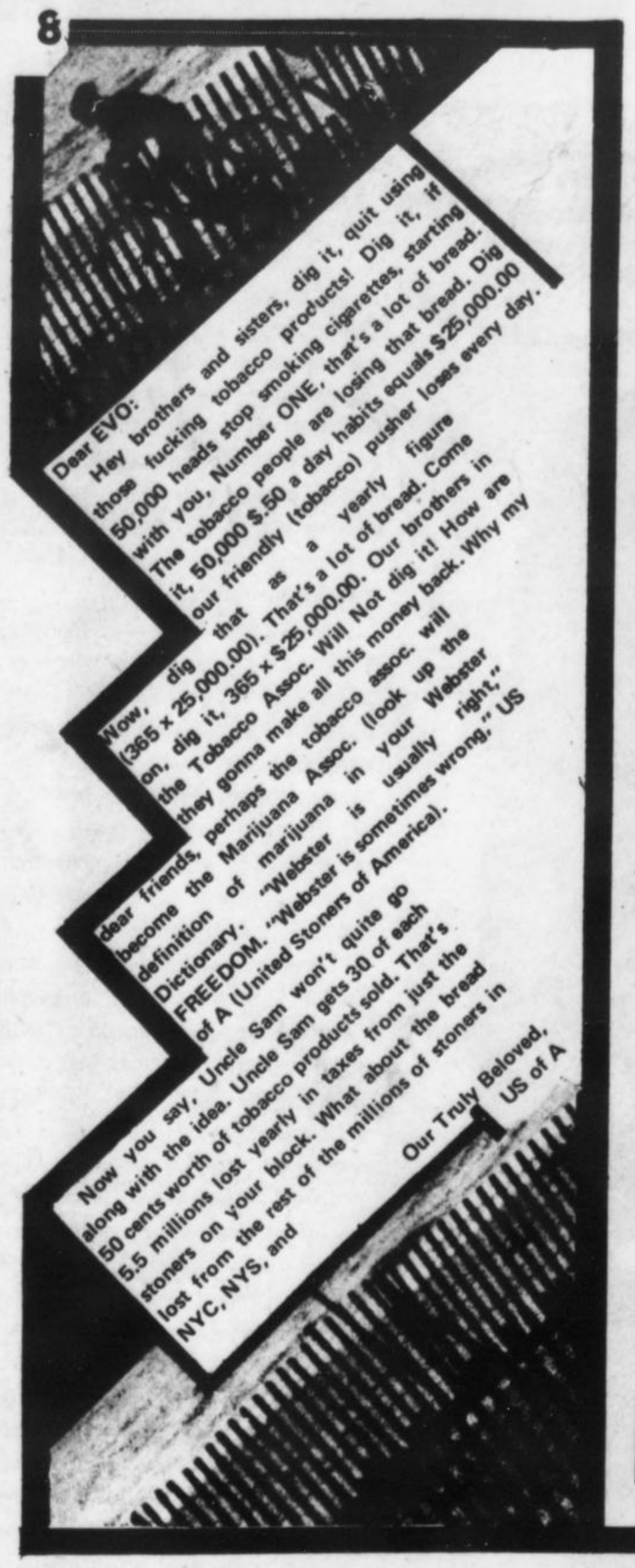
Over 65,000 police are being trained at 720 colleges and universities, thanks to the largesse of the U.S. Department of Justice. Through LEAS's Office of Academic Assistance, the Department provides loans to students preparing for careers with the police, courts or prison system, and makes grants to "in-service" personnel taking specialized courses or attending night school. Pre-service students can receive up to $1,800 a year in loans, and in-service students up to $300 per semester in grant aid.

Police officials and university administrators counter student and faculty hostility to police training programs by explaining that such programs will "professionalize" and "humanize" the police. Professionalization of the police means exactly what it does in the Army: a fascination with technique and modern equipment, a de-politization of the department, and a readiness to carry out any orders from above. Professionalization will not liberalize the police – but rather will make it a more powerful and versatile instrument in the hands of the Nixon-Agnew Administration.

* * *

For a free guide to researching the police, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to NACLA, Box 57, Cathedral Sta., New York, N.Y. 10025.

EVO LETTERS



Dear EVO:

Hey brothers and sisters, dig it, quit using those fucking tobacco products! Dig it, if 50,000 heads stop smoking cigarettes, starting with you, Number ONE, that's a lot of bread. The tobacco people are losing that bread. Dig it, 50,000 $.50 a day habits equals $25,000.00 our friendly (tobacco) pusher loses every day.

Now, dig that as a yearly figure (365 x 25,000.00). That's a lot of bread. Come on, dig it, 365 x $25,000.00. Our brothers in the Tobacco Assoc. Will Not dig it! How are they gonna make all this money back. Why my dear friends, perhaps the tobacco assoc. will become the Marijuana Assoc. (look up the definition of marijuana in your Webster Dictionary. "Webster is usually right," FREEDOM. "Webster is sometimes wrong," US of A (United Stoners of America).

Now you say, Uncle Sam won't quite go along with the idea. Uncle Sam gets 30 of each 50 cents worth of tobacco products sold. That's 5.5 millions lost yearly in taxes from just the stoners on your block. What about the bread lost from the rest of the millions of stoners in NYC, NYS, and

Our Truly Beloved,
US of A

To EVO and all the people,

Brothers and sisters, we have reached a crisis in our history, we all know that it's good to go into the street to protest and to have our voices heard, but face it it's really not working. I propose an all out PEOPLE'S strike for peace, harmony, and a cleaner environment. This strike will benefit all.

The strike will involve NO work, NO buying of any products of any kind. No using public transportation, No paying of any bills, just stay home and think of all the wrongs we have contributed to, think about your fellow man. This strike must involve EVERYONE, it must last for at least one week. One week isn't such a high price to pay for cleaning up our troubled and poisoned land. This strike will let our present, corrupt government know that we as people will not tolerate any more war, disharmony, corruption, poverty, etc., in our land. You may think it an impossible feat to accomplish, but I believe that if we ALL work for it and spread the word by mouth (since I do not belong to any organization) that we can and will clean up the world and we will all live in peace. We must talk not scream to teachers, parents, hard hats, sanitmen, cops and anyone we happen to meet. For those of you who sit around talking about the country's ills, now YOU have a chance to do something about them peacefully. Remember France has pulled it off a few times. Come on SILENT MAJORITY this is for everyone. Spread the word and the dates of the strike will come. Let's all get together and stop the great division in this land.

I regret that I cannot sign my full name for fear of reprisals from my employers.

"TELL IT ALL BROTHERS AND SISTERS BEFORE WE FALL." (Kenny ROGERS)

LOVE & PEACE for a freer,
cleaner, and better
world.
STEVE

INDIANS GIVE OFFICIALS RED FACE AS THEY MARCH ON MT. RUSHMORE

LIBERATION News Service

MOUNT RUSHMORE, So. Dakota (LNS) – *"When any man makes a purchase of a car, house, or whatever, and he fails to meet his agreement, it is repossessed. So maybe the Red man should take back that which he agreed to sell to the Government, but was never paid for."*

This notice appeared in the South Dakota newspaper, *The Indian*, calling for all branches of the Sioux tribe and Indians of all tribes to march on and repossess Mount Rushmore.

Located in the Black Hills of South Dakota, Mt. Rushmore is known to non-Indians as the mountain with the four faces of the presidents. But the Black Hills are considered sacred religious land by the Sioux. The Sioux charge that the Government was two-faced in taking the land without paying them for it.

The march on Mt. Rushmore, led by the Black Hills Teton Indian Movement, began Aug. 29. Marching in support were representatives from Alcatraz Indians of All Tribes, National Indian Youth Council, United Native Americans, All Indians Coalition, and the American Indian Movement.

First up the trail were two Sioux – John Trudell from Alcatraz, Russell Means from Cleveland – and an Indian brother from Portland, Oregon. The three, who were ahead of the others, were met halfway up by a pair of Park Rangers who, levelling a shotgun at them, placed them under arrest and ordered them back down the mountain.

They soon met up with the brothers and sisters, which swelled the number of Indians to 30, outnumbering the four or five rangers in the vicinity. When the rangers discovered that the Indians were *not* planning to paint the faces of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Teddy Roosevelt red, as rumors had it, they decided against taking prisoners and withdrew.

So the Indians set up camp on Mt. Rushmore and began plans for bringing up necessary food and water for their occupation. The next day many older Indian people who could not make the climb helped with the supplied and set up picket lines in the parking lot at the base. (This was for the benefit of tourists who prefer Indian relics to Indian rights.) One old Sioux Indian woman carried a sign, "Mt. Rushmore: symbol of democracy for the white man, Symbol of tyranny and oppression to the Indian."Indians at the top hung out a banner for all those below to read, renaming the mountain Chief Crazy Horse.

At the summit, Indians were busy building a sweat house for religious ceremonies as befit the holy site. Trudell, Lehman Brightman (director of Indian Studies at Berkeley) and Ed Benton of the American Indian Movement, fasted for three days, Sept. 3-6.

The Party repossessing Mt. Rushmore offered to meet with Interior Secretary Walter Hickel, or with Bureau of Indian Affairs Commissioner Louis Bruce, preferably – but not necessarily – on Crazy Horse Mountain. So far, the government has not responded.

[Thanks to the All Indians News Team (AINT)]

DEAR OLD IRON RULE DAYS

SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS

NEW YORK (LNS) – The fall term is here, and in a state of trepidation and queasy pessimism, university officials are gnashing their teeth over the dark unknown. "The question is, of course," said Chancellor Lawrence Chalmers of the University of Kansas (where several were gunned down by police last spring), "Where will the small group of dedicated anarchists focus their attention?"

College administrators are freaking. They know, according to a recent report in the Wall St. Journal, that the "major issues that have sparked campus disorders in the recent past – the war in Vietnam, the draft and racial problems – are all still present." Furthermore, some parents are having second thoughts about sending their children away to college this year where they may be shot down by the National Guard or by other law enforcers. (New admissions at Kent State, for example, are down 10 per cent.)

Administrators are worried that on top of everything else, their colleges may go bankrupt. At a recent round-table discussion at the New York Times office over "the problems facing the university toady," Dr. Samuel Gould, who just resigned as Chancellor of the State University of New York, told ten other university presidents: "Support for public higher education is going to be difficult to maintain and increase . . . so many questions are being asked about whether or not institutions that have unrest and campus difficulties should really be supported by the taxpayer."

Who's going to pay for the universities if they are closing down all the time, if they are producing radicals instead of corporation executives? What happens when high ranking military officers are no longer turned out of ROTC because ROTC has been driven off the campuses? What's going to happen when students demand open admissions and a relevant curriculum, and when they don't get it, strike?

These problems have driven frightened university officials into a summer of "extensive security preparation."

A quickie course in "riot control" was taught by military police officers this summer at Fort Gordon, Ga., to representatives of nine American colleges, including the U of Cal at Santa Barbara, where several thousand "dissidents" engaged in a struggle that resulted in the Bank of America being burnt to the ground last spring.

Columbia University sent its chief security officer, Warren Munroe, on a trip this summer in the hopes he would learn something about warfare from European police.

Their discussions touched on such matters as "the use of shields against rocks, the use of water and high-intensity lights to break up mobs, and ways to identify lawbreakers in a crowd for later arrest," the Wall St. Journal reported.

Compared to the wooden "dum dum" bullets and the lead bean bag shot from the "stun gun" already out in the field in Berkeley and elsewhere in this country, the above discussion sounds rather tame. Asked about more specific tips he's picked up, Munroe replied that it would be "best to keep quiet about things like that – surprise is a good weapon against some of these student militants."

A recent article in U.S. News and World Report outlines some results of this summer's "security preparation" (those that aren't to be kept secret and used later to surprise students:

** A new law affecting all public institutions in Ohio provides a mandatory one-year suspension for any student or faculty member convicted in a court of law or campus disruption. The State Board of Regents in Iowa now requires a one year suspension or dismissal for any student, faculty or staff member who is found guilty of violating "new and stiffer rules of personal conduct."

** Authority has been given to college presidents in Iowa and California to ban students from their campuses temporarily if, in the opinion of the presidents, the students are likely to be serious disturbers.

** To keep "outside agitators" off campus, more and more schools are providing students with photo-identification cards.

** Many campuses are doubling the number of security police on campus.

** In Texas, the legislature gave universities the power to commission campus police so that they could, if necessary, carry guns and make arrests.

** A few schools are trying to screen out troublemakers before they get in. Rollins College in Florida sent this letter of admission to the parents of an incoming freshman: "It is my hope that you will discuss with your daughter your expectations of her attitudes and conduct as a college student prior to the time that she arrives. . . . Should there be a permissive attitude on her part or on your part regarding either campus disruption or drug usage, I believe your daughter should give serious consideration to delaying her college attendance."

** In Los Angeles Police Chief Edward Davis has talked about swearing in members of the faculty to help keep the peace at UCLA in the event of big trouble.

** Under a little-used California law, any male over 18 can be deputized at any time. If he then does not come to the aid of police, he can be arrested. A spokesman for Chief Davis said the situation would have to be "critical" before this idea was tried.

** All 38 officers of the police department at the University of Georgia in Athens are students attending the university. They are credited with having done a good job of maintaining order last year.

** Often, after a major disturbance, it is difficult to prove a case against offenders because of lack of identification. As an aid in disciplinary or court proceedings, several colleges are experimenting with video-tape, which records both sight and sound. Others plan to use still or motion-picture cameras. It has also been suggested that rioters be sprayed with a long-lasting dye so they can be readily identified.

** State institutions which shut down during the school term in Ohio are likelyto be penalized financially. The Ohio board of regents threatens to withhold state support for the period in which any public college or university is closed.

** Faculty members are forbidden to strike or boycott classes at Wisconsin State universities under a uniform employment contract adopted by the board of regents on Aug. 14. Violation of the contract could result in suspension without pay, forfeiture of salary, or termination of employment.

Law and order won't prevail on campuses this fall, and university officials know it. But they are caught in a maze of riot control, blue ribbon commissions, beefed-up security forces, new and better IDs, bigger and better locks, and screens for "potential troublemakers." They'll try cooptation and when that fails they'll use repression. And that's why the student body president of Jackson State College, where two blacks were shot to death and a dozen others wounded by police last May, told President Nixon's Commission on campus unrest that unless conditions were changes, the campus troubles of last spring "may be only like a Saturday night fish-fry."

FRICK

Theres always stuff around that will make everyone uptight. it comes in different shapes and different forms and all of a sudden its upon us all over again.

In the fifties they called it Creeping Meatballisim, in the sixties it was now it seems like theres a new and greater danger. Its called PSYCHIC WARFARE.

No Orwellian fantasy in this. Its as real as youd like to let it be. They say its getting awful close to 1984 but who really believes those movies anymore? Its just these strange passages of time these ever-constant changes of mind. Its comming from a very strange place this time – no one would suspect.

Electric and *Electronics*. Twentieth century living has made it possible and to walk in the streets is a nightmare but whose the one that everyone trusts. i mean they put their faith in and they put their children in the hands of

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

Things get strange in the fall sometimes i think theres stuff that i dont get to see at all. I mean things in air and things about little which i seem to care for.

The medical profession today in the United States swings a lot of power. in the hame of politics the AMA represents hard line americans and large taxpaying americans but also the people who can get someone to take pills and medicine.

Draw your own conclusions.

Cave called up the other day. he was on the east coast for a while there and looked around, smelled the air, tasted the water, and disappeared.

From the fillmore west he called in the middle of the night to tell me that he had left for brighter times and wider skies in the great metropolis of San Francicso. i asked him who was playing cause i could hear the music in the background.

"Jefferson Airplane," he said, "yeah and Grace Slick is gonna have a baby any time now . . she sings pretty good for being pregnant."

yeah things were proceeding according to plan. the same old thing night after night time after time it goes on.

* * * * *

The other day i was on my way to the big time when it happened. another town around the east coast. They played the Jimmi Hendrix album *are you experienced* a whole lot. it was like on all the jukeboxes in the a&w rootbeer stands and at the dairy freeze places too. the kids in this town are into what they are into and the rest of the world is a million miles away. what with school now in session its only a matter of time before they start with the highschool dances on friday afternoons and saturday nights after the football games. Its the kind of thing you cant buy a ticket to.

Theres going to be a lot of musical rock organizations having a lot of hours logged in their travel recordings and come the victory dance or the thanksgiving alumni home comming dance or even the party for halloween these guitar pickin kids are going to start unwinding their replay tape at this unsuspecting audience of football stars, basketball players cheer leaders, varsity 3 letter men, and the guy who sells peanuts in the stands too. its going to be like what happened when the west coast surf mob met the kids from *Accident Insurance School of The Arts,* a little known place near the southern borders of California. thats the only place where they could get away with that sort of thing.

Theres gonna be new faces in all the old places this year this time around the roots of modern education are going to be shaken around a little bit. I wish they were selling tickets for it someone could make a whole lot of money running highschool dances for a living, to say nothing of what a great service they would be providing the community at large. I seen it happen once or twice. The highschool i came from had this tremendously expensive high fidelity communication system complete with remote transmitting stations for the base ball sdores and the national anthem. what a toy that was. they usually dont have too tight a security on the communications systems in modern highschools, theyre more worried about kids shooting junk in the bathroom or cia incited race riots in the cafeteria, the gym the library or tha auditorium. Do you realize that most of the time theres no one watching the guy whose supposed to be watching the communications set up. id say if youre going to a school that has been built after 1955 it has a pretty good communication system.

If you belong to the *Audio Visual Aids Squad* you can have easy access to the stuff, if not, there are all sorts of ways and means, its usually not as hard as it seems. Once you get there though its up to you to either use your new found or captured communication source or turn it over to trusted friends and accomplices who can make use of the stuff. Dont let ego games interfere with the prime objective.

Prepared tapes made up in the privacy of ones own home can be useful when most of your efforts have to be turned to other things like keeping out of the reach of the man. you got to stay loose. One team of experts from a highschool in a predominatly black section of had a whole tape made up with music and political speeches and all the rest of great aids in getting your message to lots of people. It was a combination of technology of the seventies and good old muscle power. They marched into the room where the master communication board was and held two of the office workers at bay while they opened up the communications system over the whole school and reaching a total of 2750 kids between the ages of 15 and 20. They played this tape that was on a portable tape player. the tape player they used is one of those little $19.95 plastic jobs.

They tied and gagged the office workers but did not hurt them. I want to stress that they didnt harm the innocent people in the meantime while the greatest act of crazy of the reveloution was in progress, they had sealed the keyholes to the communications room with ordinary chewing gum. left this tape recorded message play into the microphone plugged into the communications system of the highschool, left the office workers in the corner of the room to be released. later when school officials and police finally broke down the doors to the room the tape had been playing for 31 minutes when they shut it off. the kids had split the office as soon as they tied up the hostages and set the taperecorder going. locking the door behind them they melted away into the crowded lunchtime halls.

(Continued on Page 22)

Women In Print

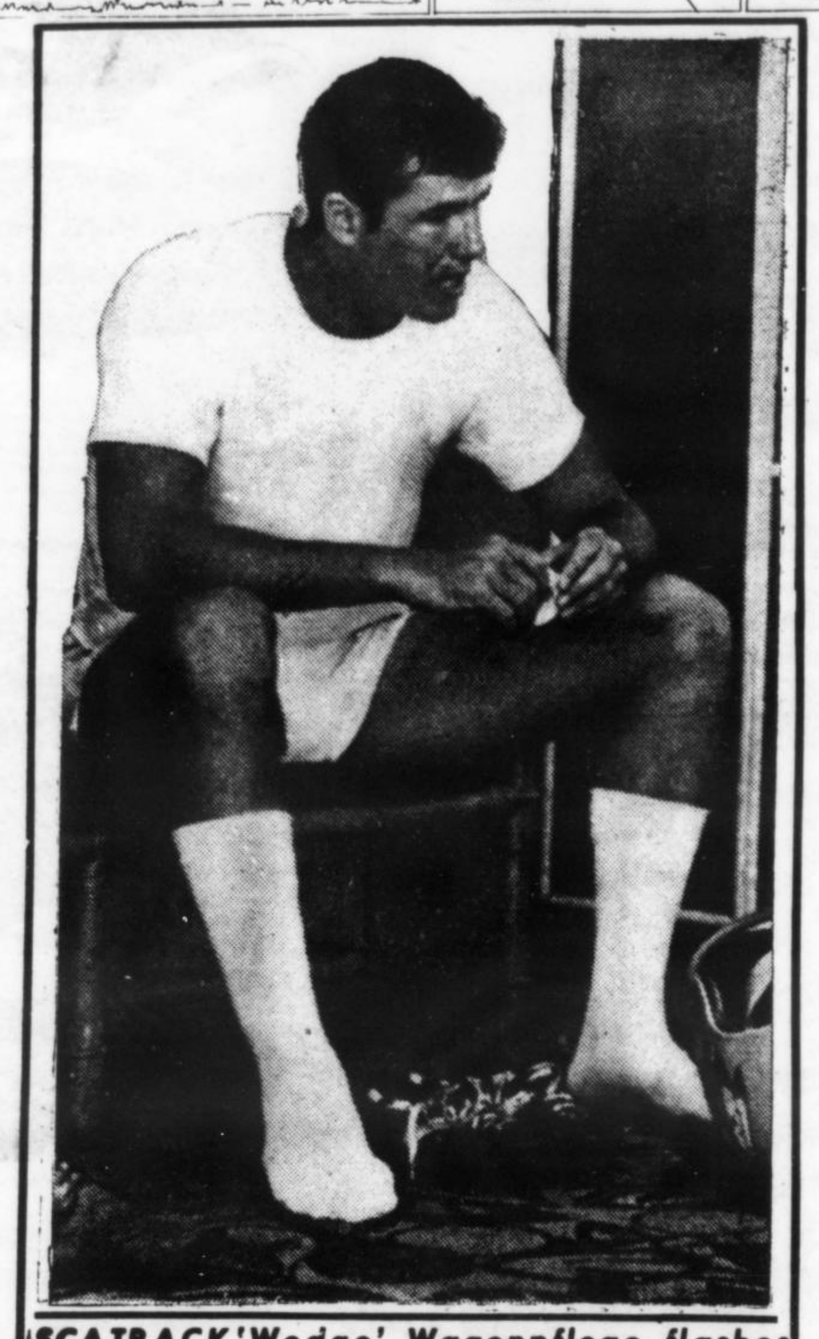
by Claudia Dreifus

A year before the old men of publishing decided that Women's Liberation would be their new money-making fad, Robin Morgan, feminist and mother of the Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell (WITCH), approached Random House with the idea of doing an anthology on the new suffragism. Random House was interested, so Sister Morgan drove hard terms: she would work only with women editors, she wanted to use new, unknown female writers, and she wanted to use *female* forms of literary expression. A year of struggle ensued – struggle between Miss Morgan and Random House, struggle between Morgan and herself, struggle and change within the women's movement. In the interim, several other publishing establishments fell upon the idea of women's liberation anthologies. Somewhere near a half dozen will be published this Fall, several edited by women with no previous contact with the women's movement, but who were available when publishers needed them. The result, of course, is that the anthologies vary enormously in quality, in authenticity and in usefulness. Robin Morgan's book, "Sisterhood is Powerful," ($8.95, Random House) is thus far the best of the fem lib collections to hit print.

The book is good precisely because it *does* grow out of the women's liberation movement, rather than the trendy whims of some "with it" editor. Says Morgan in her introduction, "This book is an action. It was conceived, written, edited, copy-edited, proofread, designed and illustrated by women. (The process broke down for the first time at the printer's, that industry being one of the many which are all but completely closed to women.) During the year that it took to collectively create this anthology, we women involved had to face specific and very concrete examples of our oppression, with regard to the book itself, that simply would not have occurred in putting together any other kind of collection. Because of the growing consciousness of women's liberation, and in some cases, because of the articles that women wrote for the book, there were not a few "reprisals"; five personal relationships were severed, two couples were divorced and one separated, one women was forced to withdraw her article by the man she lived with, another's husband kept rewriting the piece until it was unrecognizable as her own; and the deadline kept being pushed further ahead, because the authors had so many pressures on them – from housework to child-care to "jobs."

All the hassles, evidently, were worth it . . . because Robin Morgan has brought forth the first really comprehensive book that explains what the modern American woman wants to see revolutionized. In an article entitled "Marriage and Motherhood," psychologist, wife and mother, Beverly Jones dissects and devastates the institution of marriage. In her piece, Mrs. Jones explains how marriage is used to totally control females and why it should, in its standard form, be abolished. Writing on the condition of women in journalism, Lindsy Van Gelder, star reporter for the *New York Post*, explains how she was turned down for jobs at the *New York World-Telegram and Sun*, the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Daily News* for the incredible reason that she happened to be female. At the *Wall Street Journal*, that bastion of capitalist rationality, she was told that she "didn't look like a newspaperman. Perhaps if you cut your hair short and gained about twenty-five pounds . . ." Artist Pat Mainaridi, in her classic paper, "The Politics of Housework," puts it all down about how men try to avoid "insignificant shitwork" and foist it off on the female gender as if it were our natural role. Particularly interesting is an article, "Double Jeopardy: To Be Black and Female," by Frances Beale, the New York co-ordinator of SNCC's Black Women's Liberation Committee.

In all, "Sisterhood is Powerful" is constructed as a perfect guide to women's liberation for the uninitiated sister. It is comprehensive, honest, thorough and authentic – a genuine literary outcry from anguished female voices. Robin Morgan has done the feminist community a great service by suffering through her year of struggle getting the book together. "Sisterhood is Powerful," is beautiful, feminine and strong.



SCATBACK 'Wedge' Wagenpflege flashes well-turned thigh in locker room during halftime at Toilet Bowl. Says Wedge, coed at Crotch Tech: 'I'll never sleep in the nude until I'm married.'

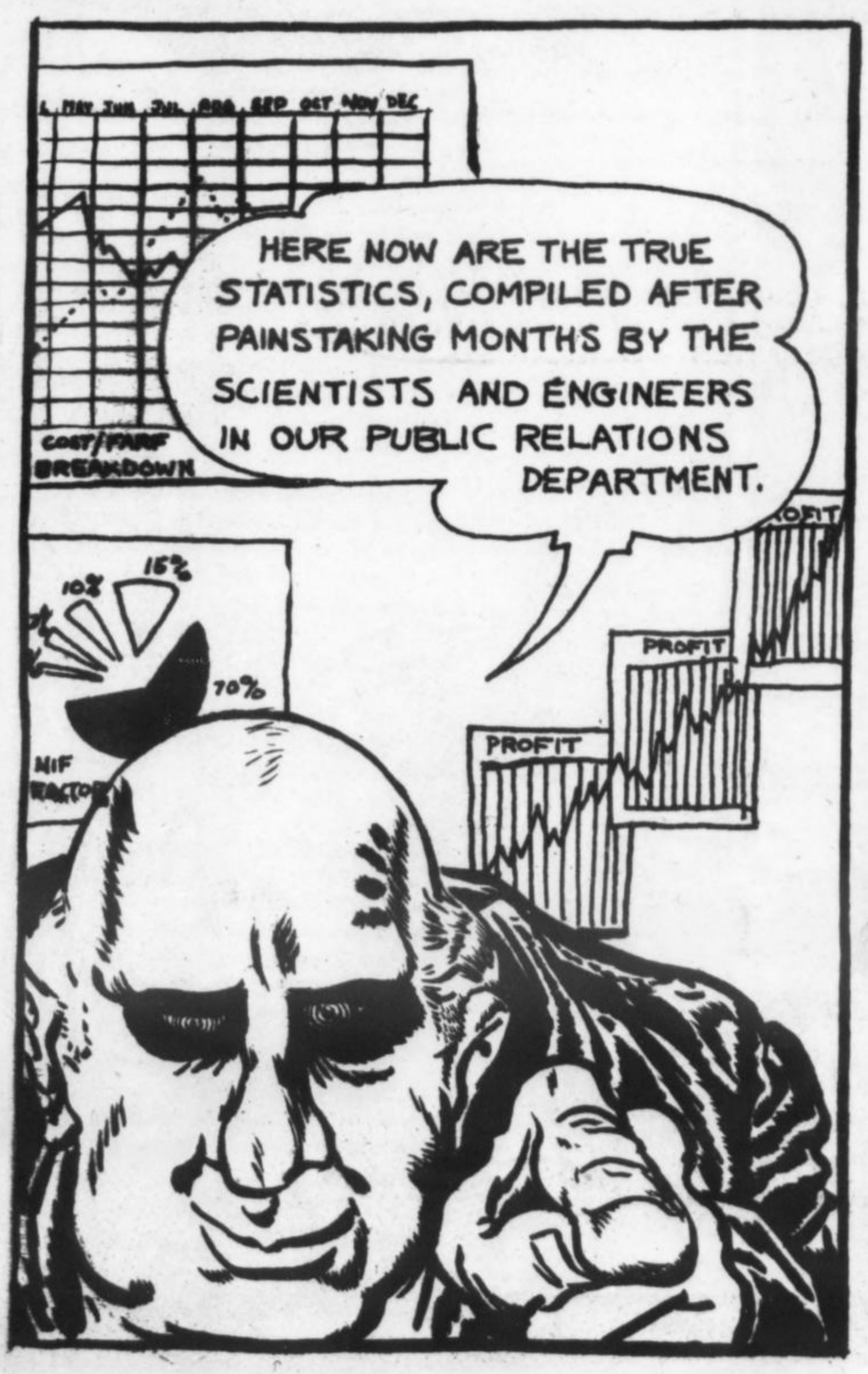
Until now, the underground cartoon world has been dominated by the masculine images of R. Crumb's liscvious truckin' super-cocks and Spain Rodriguez's macho-masculine Trashman, a first cousin of the Silver Thins Man. Now, Crumb and Spain are lovely guys . . . Spain is a prince, literally. But their perceptions of women never go beyond seeing them as the recepticles for their heroes' spermatozoa and the agents of certain dreaded diseases. Soooooooooooo, it is quite natural that women underground cartoonists have begun to fight back. The first sign of female cartoonist's revolt came when the women's liberation newspaper of Berkeley, "It Ain't Me Babe," began running a terrific strip by Trina Robbins, (who used to pen some fabulous stuff in the pages of EVO) entitled "Belinda Berkeley." Belinda is a heroine like you and me. She graduated college with a straight A average only to find herself stuck in a dull secretarial job with a lecherous boss who pinches her ass and a dimwitted husband who sits home and writes pornography because it is the "hippest thing to do." Belinda joins women's lib, finds salvation, but develops marital troubles. Our generation's Everywoman, Belinda Berkeley. The emergence of Belinda has had two effects of the underground cartooning community: male cartoonists hate, despise and detest the lady. Women dig on her. Word has it that R. Crumb is so angry about Mrs. Berkeley that he has threatened to create a parallel strip entitled "Belinda Burbank."

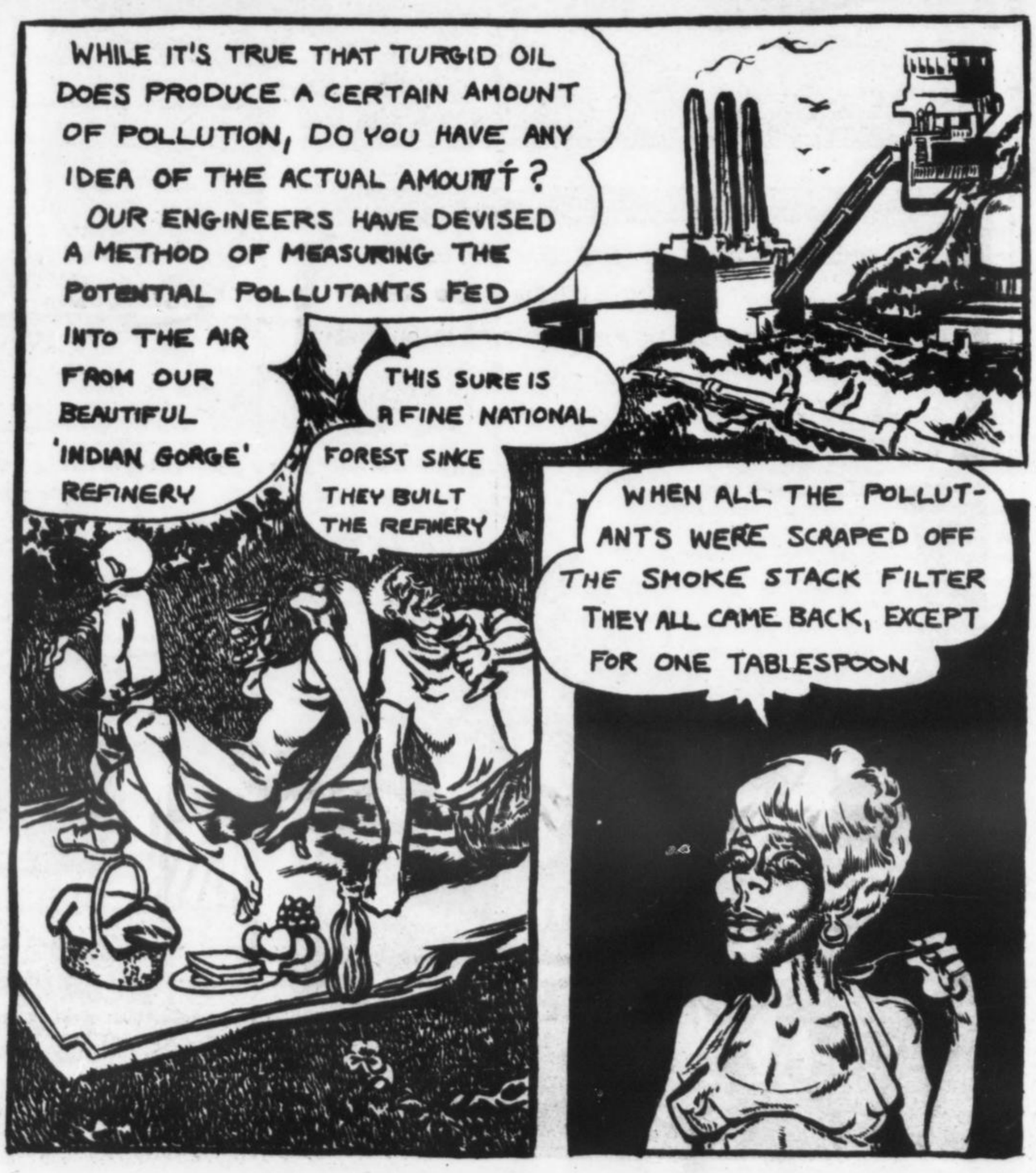
Encouraged by the extraordinary reception Belinda has received, Trina Robbins decided to get together a few creative sisters and put out a full-scale fem lib comic book, "It Ain't Me Babe – Women's Liberation Comics." (Last Gasp Cartoons, 15 Shattuck Square, Berkeley, California; $.65 for single copies.) The book is one of these beautifully perfect testaments to female creativity and wit. It is warm, sensitive, funny and well drawn – something calculated to frighten the hell out of S. Clay Wilson, R. Crumb and that lot. Yeah brothers, women can draw . . . and they can fight . . . and they can laugh . . . and they can be meaner competition than all shit.

Take for instance, "BREAKING OUT" – a masterful strip by Carole and the "It Ain't Me Babe Basement Collective." The strip is nothing but the total and complete devastation of sex roles for every cartoon character we've known, loved and grown up with. In "Breaking Out," Little Lulu, who joins Tilly the Toiler in being one of this country's first

(Continued on Page 22)

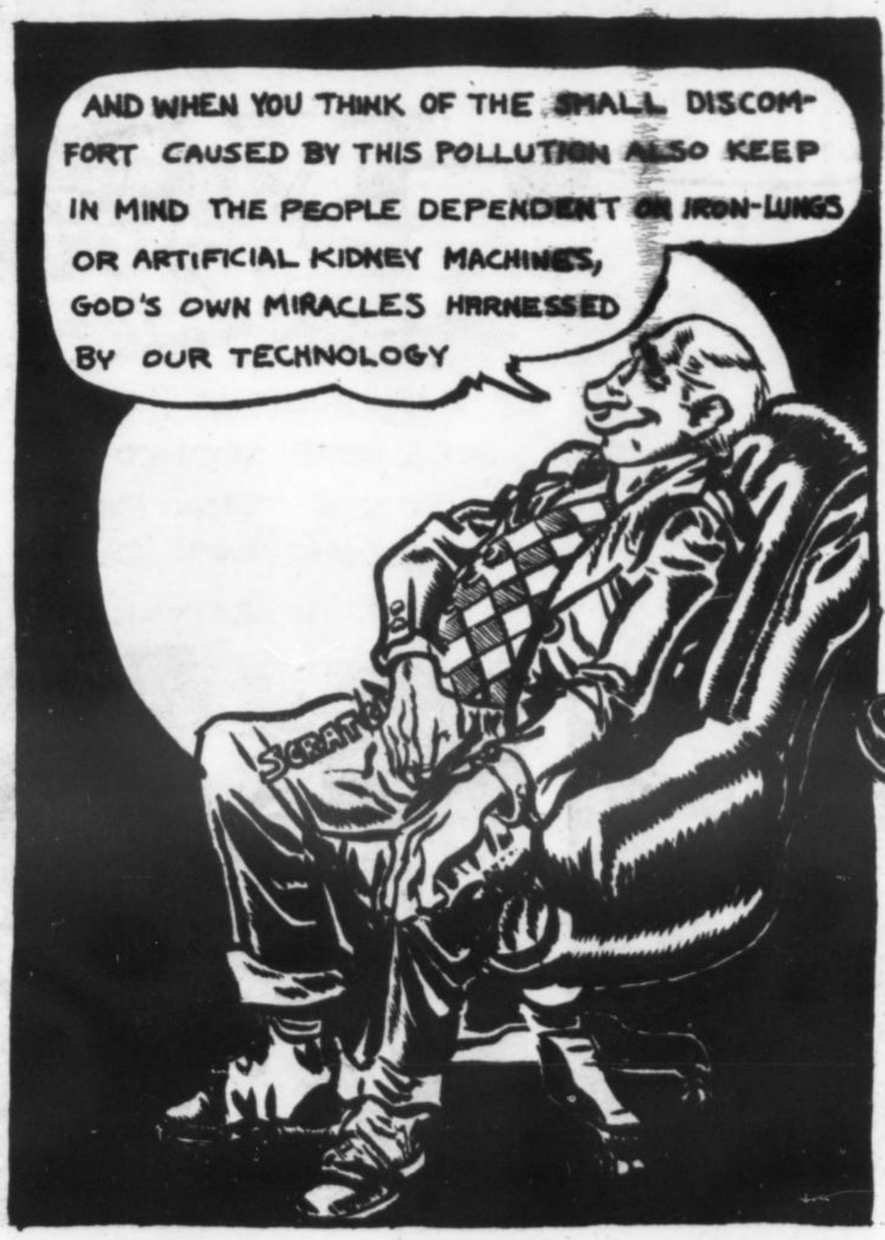
THE POLLUTION SOLUTION





A FABLE
BY VINCENT TITUS

Once a bird couldn't see where he was going so . . . .he didn't go MORAL: Don't be an ostrich with your head in the sand



BY VINCENT TITUS

anywhere.

...he didn't go ... with your head in the sand.

SIRHAN TRAVEL PLANS

The American Civil Liberties Union went into Federal Court today (September 11) to seek a temporary restraining order against a State Department order prohibiting Mary Sirhan, her son Adel Sirhan, attorney Charles Luke McKissack and investigator Michael A. McCowan from leaving the United States.

The purpose for their travel abroad is to confer with leaders of the Palestine Liberation Front who are holding three planes and approximately 300 people hostage on the Jordanian desert. Mrs. Sirhan wants to clarify whether or not her son Sirhan Sirhan, convicted of the murder of Robert Kennedy, is included among those individuals whose release from custody is demanded by the Palestinian rebels in exchange for the release of their hostages. Mrs. Sirhan says she also wants to discourage the Palestine Liberation Front from injuring its hostages.

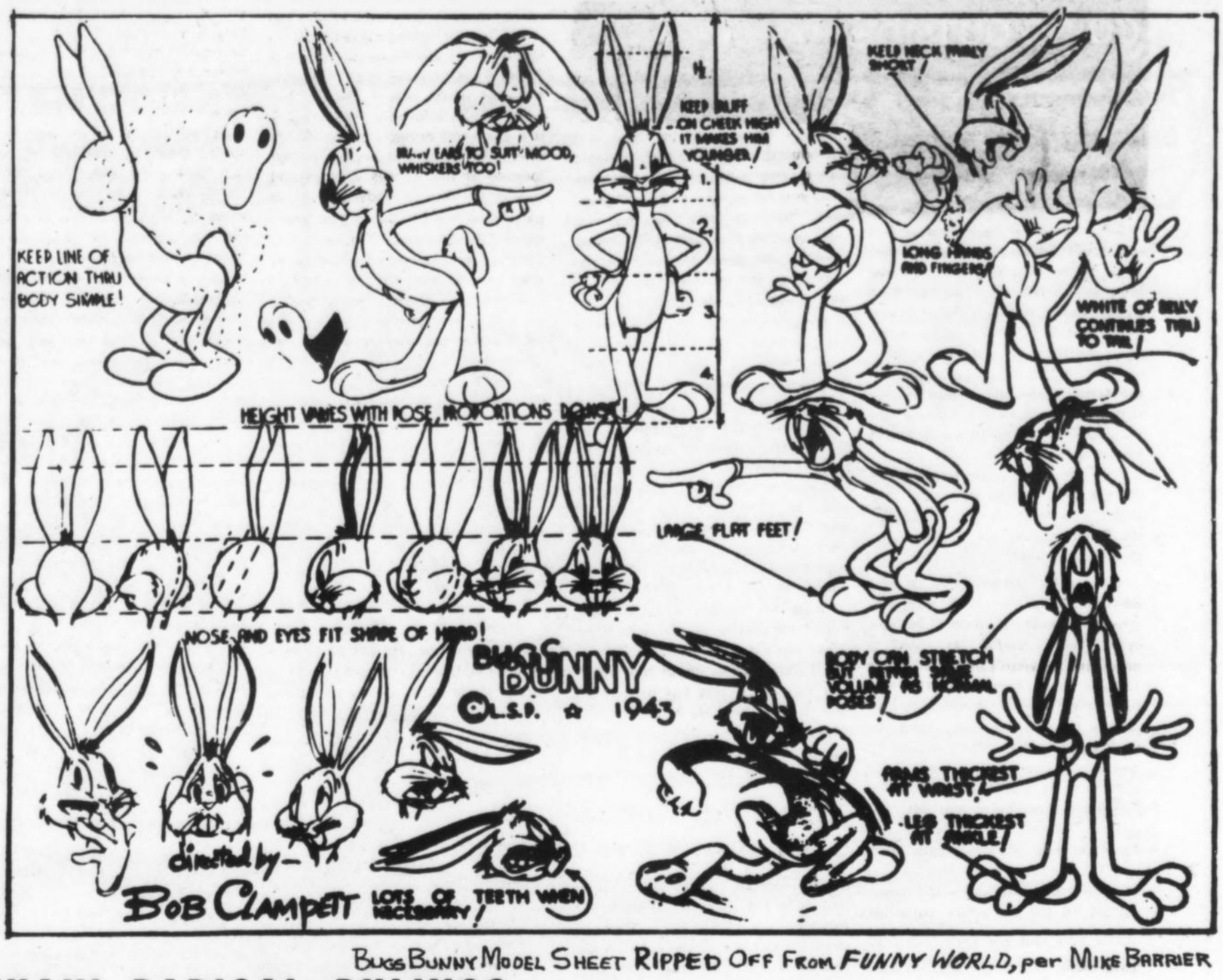
The order forbidding the plaintiffs from leaving the United States is based on a State Department regulation which purports to give the State Department the right to ban travel abroad of anyone whose "activities abroad are causing or are likely to cause serious damage to the national security or the foreign policy of the United States."

The American Civil Liberties Union believes that regardless of the circumstances surrounding their travel, neither American citizens nor resident aliens (as are Mrs. Sirhan and her son) may be forbidden to leave the country except "when the country is engaged in war or when a criminal or civil action is pending against the individual desiring to leave the country."

The ACLU contends that the State Department's regulation is dangerously vague because it authorizes the Secretary of State to interfere with the free travel abroad of citizens and resident aliens solely upon his arbitrary determination that their presence abroad might endanger the United States. The ACLU maintains that the right to travel is protected by the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution and cannot be interfered with by government officials.

Appearing for the ACLU was its legal director Melvin L. Wulf. Other attorneys in the action are ACLU staff counsels Joel M. Gora and Lawrence G. Sager.

This action is financed by the ACLU Foundation, an affiliate of, but separate from ACLU.



BugsBunny Model Sheet Ripped Off From *Funny World*, per Mike Barrier

KHAKI RADICAL RULINGS

COURT RULES ARMY MUST EXPLAIN REFUSAL TO ALLOW ANTIWAR NEWSPAPERS ON POST

FT JACKSON AND FT BRAGG GIS UNITED CASES RULED ON BY APPEALS COURT

A federal court ruled on August 27 that the Army must show the courts which antiwar articles it objected to and why the distribution of an underground paper by GIs "constituted a clear danger to the loyalty, discipline and morale of . . . military personnel." The decision by the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals in Richmond, Virginia came on an appeal by GIs at Fort Bragg, N.C. from a district court decision denying them their motion for a premilinary injunction seeking to force the Army to allow them to distribute their paper *Bragg Briefs*. The Appeals Court also upheld a lower court's decision denying Fort Jackson GIs the right to hold antiwar meetings on post.

While upholding the lower court's decision in Fort Bragg on technical grounds, the Appeals Court remanded the case back to the district court, saying, "The district court should also find which articles, specifically, constituted a basis for the decision to exclude and why the Commanding General deemed them 'a clear danger to the loyalty, discipline and morale,' of the military personnel at Fort Bragg. Only upon a complete record supplying these facts can it be determined whether the Commanding General had a proper basis for dening the applications, whether he acted consistently with Army directives, and, ultimately, whether his actions deprived appellants of their First Amendment rights." This is the first time the federal courts have challenged the Commanding Officers' right to arbitrarily and without explanation deny rights of soldiers to distribute antiwar literature on post.

Both suits stemmed from the activity of GIs United Against the War in Vietnam, an antiwar group organized by soldiers in the winter of 1969 at Fort Jackson, South Carolina and later that spring at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. The arrest and detention of eight members of Fort Jackson's GIs United in March 1969, the wide publicity their case gained and their subsequent release from confinement for lack of evidence profoundly influenced the fight for constitutional rights within the military. One week after the last of the Fort Jackson Eight were released from the stockade the Department of Defense issued its "Guidance on Dissent," which, while recognizing constitutional rights of soldiers in a limited way, gives Commanding Generals the authority to, among other things, deny on-post distribution of literature if he deems such distribution will be of clear danger to the morale, discipline and loyalty of his troops.

The Fort Jackson suit was filed on April 1, 1969 when a petition circulated by GIs United demanding the right to hold an open meeting on post was denied by post authorities. Attorneys Leonard Boudin and Dorian Bowman of New York, David Rein of Washington, D.C. and Howard Moore of Atlanta, Georgia are counsel for the soldiers in association with the GI Civil Liberties Defense Committee. The Fort Bragg motion was filed in September 1969 by attorneys Leonard Boudin and David Rosenberg of New York, David Rein and Laughlin McDonald of Chapel Hill, North Carolina also in association with the GI Civil Liberties Defense Committee.

Currently, GIs are demanding the right to engage in legal antiwar activity in increasing numbers. During the past year antiwar soldiers throughout the US and abroad have been publishing underground antiwar newspapers and requesting distribution rights. In every case the right has been denied. Some sixty GI papers are presently being put out and distribution rights have been denied at such places as Fort Richardson, Alaska; Fort Lewis, Washington; and Fort Bliss, Texas. In every case the denial of rights has been based on the formula provided by the Defense Department's Guidance on Dissent.

"The Appeal Court decision to remand the case for further proceedings provides the first breakthrough for GIs by challenging the Army to pinpoint its objections to anitwar literature with precision. This means the court will impose First Amendment tests to the Army's actions and in the future, we hope GIs will be able to demand that any denial of distribution rights be accompanied by an explanation of such denial and further, that even such explanation will be subject to federal court scrutiny under the freedoms guaranteed by the First Amendment," said Stacey Seigle, national secretary of the GI Civil Liberties Defense Committee.

Leonard Boudin, calling the decision a qualified victory for the soldiers, said that he hoped to be able to appear before the North Carolina district court by the first of the year to cross-examine Fort Bragg Commanding General John Tolson. Boudin also announced decisions on both Fort Jackson and Fort Bragg would be appealed to the Supreme Court.

GOING OUTSIDE

by Sunny Murray*,

as told to Robert Levin

For awhile there were a lot of people trying to kill me

See, it began a short time after I met Cecil Taylor – who is like the father of the New Black Music. I met him at a little place in the West Village called the Cafe Roue. It was in the winter of 1959. I came in one night with a cat named Wade, who had just bought a bass yesterday. All the bebop dudes that I used to play with were there. Cecil came in a few minutes later and sat in a corner with his collar up over his head. All the dudes immediately started packing up and when I asked them why they said, "You don't know Cecil Taylor, the way he plays can't nobody get together with him."

Well, you know, I've always admired a cat that stood out in a crowd because it meant he was very . . . very *useful*. He was a necessity. He wasn't one to shun, he was one to dig. And I thought, if you pack up when a man comes in to play then he must be *something*. Let come more come in that make you pack up and I'll be around some really good musicians. It was like when I was hanging out on the corner with the guys in Philadelphia. If a cat would come up who the other cats didn't like I'd want to know why. And if they gave me some sick-assed reason I'd say to the cat who'd come up, "Let's you and me split," and I'l leave *them* there. So I said, "Listen man, I'm going to play with him." And they said, "Go ahead, we will listen."

So I went over to Cecil and introduced myself and said, "I would like to play with you." And he said, "Do you know how to play?" And I said, "No." He said, "Are you *sure* you want to play with me?" I said, "Yeah." He took off his coat and everybody got all tense and he went to the piano and started playing.

Well, you know, in '59 it *was* a little different. I said to myself, damn, he sure *is* into something else, and I struggled along. But I played a whole three tunes. Wade played too even though he couldn't really play. Cecil said, "That's all right, let him do it if he wants." Cecil laughed. He had fun. A couple of times I didn't know what to do and I just stopped and Cecil turned around and said, "No, keep going, don't stop." I wasn't just playing conventional, like *tanka-ting* – I could have, but I decided not to play that way with him. I was playing on one. Like Elvin Jones was playing on one in Detroit, but I didn't know about him yet. I just thought it was hip to play on one. Bass players would always say, "Oh motherfucker, you keep turning the beat around. So a lot of cats didn't like me, though some cats did.

I went back to play with the beboppers after that night and they all started laughing and kept saying, "Hey, Sunny played with Cecil, Sunny played with Cecil," and making a big joke out of it. And I was thinking, who *is* Cecil? Who the devil *is* this cat I played with? And I looked for Cecil, man, for days, everyday I thought, I ain't heard nobody play like that and I'm gonna make sure that I can play with him again 'cause I knew he had enjoyed

[*Sunny Murray has been the major drum force in the New Jazz]

Finally I found Cecil at the old Cedar Bar. He helped me get a loft on Dye Street in a building where he was living. After I moved in I knocked on his door. There was no answer, but the door was unlocked and I just gave it a push and brought my drums in after me. Cecil was laying in bed looking at me. It was a depressing period for him, nobody wanted to play with him. I said, "You don't mind?" And he said, "Uh, um." And I set 'em up. But I was too nervous to start playing with the cat in bed. It took me about three weeks to decide, well, I'm gonna play anyway. I've got to practice and my drums is over there now, and he said, "O.K." So I played, but he wouldn't get out of bed. Matter of fact he never let nobody see him out of the bed and his windows was open and the snow was on the windowsill up about twelve inches and I'd be trying to talk to him and shivering, and finally I said, "I can't talk to you like this. Can I please close your windows?" And he said, "O.K." I'd been practicing there with a big coat on and I was getting tired of it.

Finally, one day, Cecil did get up to play with me. He got up to play on his old, beat-up, upright piano and said, "I want you to play something like you never played before." I said, "What do you mean, like a drum solo?" And I started to play a drum solo, and Cecil said, "No. Stop. Just . . . let yourself play." He meant like not to be hung up on artificial rules and roles and disciplines and orders that have been set up and which limit what you can express – or to be daring or hip while *still staying within the confines of those rules*, you know, like playing on one. He meant like to go outside of those rules and roles, you know what I'm saying, like to go outside of "time" and to play *naturally* – out of the *natural rules and rhythms of my body*. Also to play *with* him, not just behind him as an accompanist. Dig all the energy that is liberated with this kind of playing, and the things that can happen when two or three or four or a dozen cats are playing together like that. The spiritual things that can happen, that you can get to. Like if Charlie Parker had *really* let himself go twenty-five years ago we would be past all the shit by now and really out there. This is a whole new freedom and a whole new *system* of music. And dig the revolutionary . . . *enormity* of it.

Of course I have to admit that I didn't understand all of this right away. I was the first drummer to play this way, the first drummer to play the New Black Music, the New Jazz, and for a long time I wasn't really sure about what I was doing. It seemed like what I was playing was my playing and it wasn't like I was bugging his nerves.

*un*natural, not natural. I was very disturbed. I used to listen to tapes of myself and wonder if I was going crazy.

It was really about three years until I really understood that Cecil was leading me into a new system. Those were a very difficult three years for me, particularly because of all the attempts on my life that happened during this period.

Like I went over to the Village Vanguard one night – I was living over on West 11th Street then – and I got into a discussion with some dude about the music, and he said that this music was crazy and would never survive. I laughed him off and went outside. But when I got to the corner there was a Thunderbird parked there with the lights on real bright. Something said to me, don't walk in front of that car, that's the dude you were arguing with. I thought I was being paranoid so I walked in front of the car. And Jim, if it wasn't a fucking movie scene! I had to dive and landed right on my fucking ass. The car took off. I got up and just stood there and I thought, why the fuck do they want to run me over? I started to walk toward my house and I saw the car again turning a corner coming toward me. I ran into the house and I went into a vacant apartment. There wasn't nothing there but a mattress – wasn't even no lock on the door. I looked out the window and there's two dudes getting out of the car. The door had a window – a misty window that you couldn't really see through, but you could see silhouettes. These dudes were standing in the hall looking for my room. I heard one say, "Do you know which apartment he went into?" One was a soul cat and one was Italian. They were standing right in front of the door – all they had to do was push it. I was scared as hell.

Finally they left and drove away. I ran down to Jeanne Phillip's house. Ornette Coleman was there. I asked them, "Am I out of my nut? Is someone really trying to kill me?" Jeanne said, "Sunny, I'll tell you the truth, it could happen that way because this music is bothering a lot of people who don't want black people to play this way. The whole club scene will come down if this music really happens." And Ornette said, "Yeah, that's what's happening, man." And I said, "Oh shit, you shouldn't be saying this, you should be saying I was nuts or something." And he said, "Listen, those people payed me *not to play* for a whole year."

I stayed at Jeanne's until the sun came up.

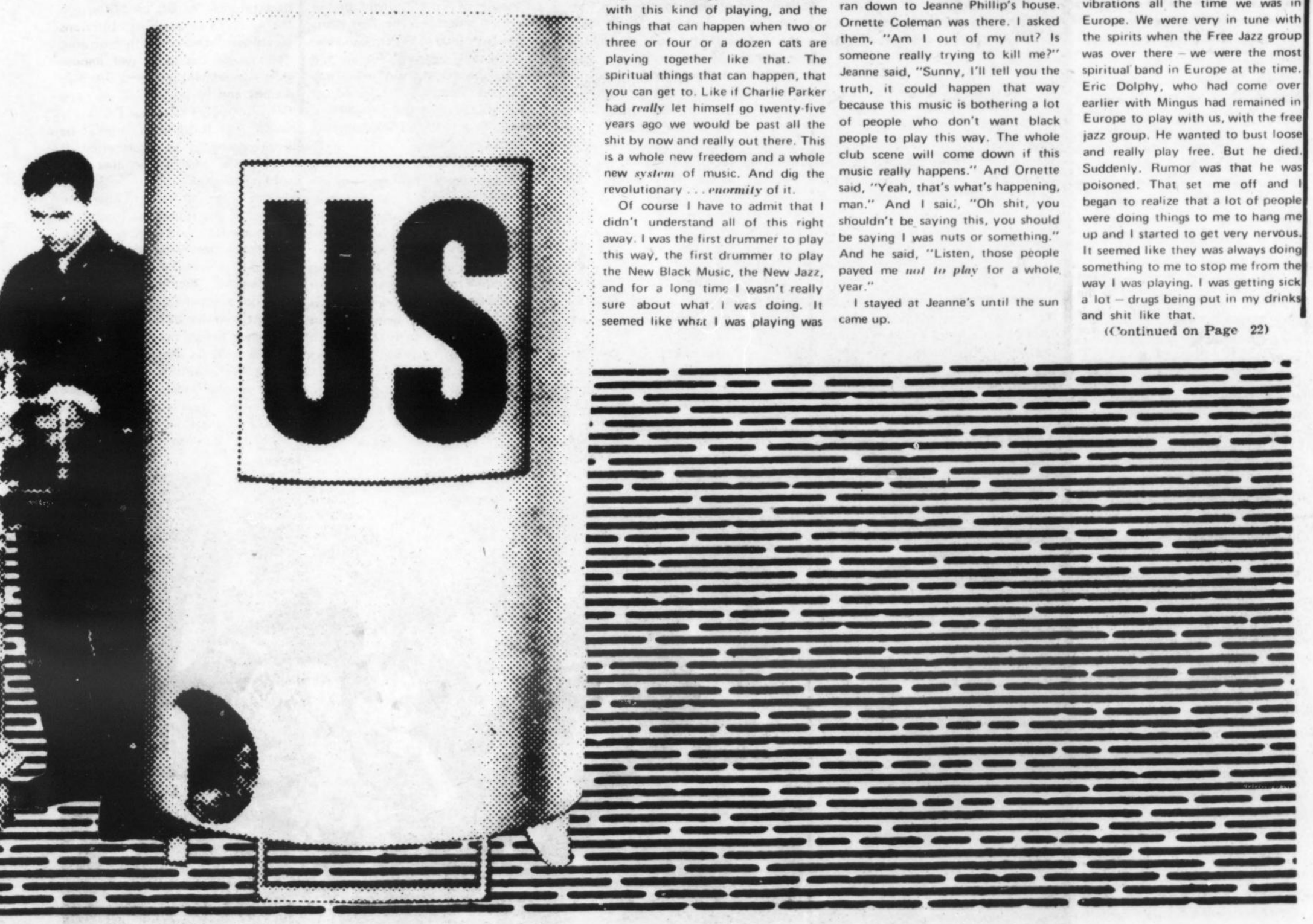
Then, when I went to Europe with a group I co-led with Albert Ayler – that was the Free Jazz Group and Gary Peacock and Don Cherry was in it – a lot more strange things happened that I didn't understand. Like when I had gone to Europe a year earlier with Cecil as the leader everything had been pretty cool. But with Albert and me it was different.

Like, first of all, part of the tour was cancelled when Albert hit some promoter in the mouth over $10. I always thought he hit the wrong cat, the cats he should have hit he was always smiling at. And like later, when we got ready to go home, I had to go to the embassy because I didn't have enough money. Everybody else in the band was cool. I didn't understand that shit – why was *I* the only one that was uptight? The embassy had to give me a transport ticket to go home. Another funny thing was like on the first tour, when I was playing with Cecil at the Montmartre in Copenhagen, one night this bartender went crazy. He started screaming and tore up the bar. "STOP THE MUSIC. I CANNOT STAND THE MUSIC." Then on *this* tour he comes back. Albert, who had played with us on the first tour, saw him and said, "There's that dude!" And the dude came back and he said, shaking hands and very quiet, "You have freed me." He'd been in the home for almost a year.

But a lot of strange things. In Denmark, Art Taylor, who's been living over there, told me we were chased to Europe by the business world. The tour was agreed upon by a lot of business cats just to get us out of the country. He said that anything could happen and to be careful. He said, "Look what happened to Eric Dolphy." I said, "Man, are you serious?" He said, "Just watch yourself." And I almost did get killed.

See, I was getting strange vibrations all the time we was in Europe. We were very in tune with the spirits when the Free Jazz group was over there – we were the most spiritual band in Europe at the time. Eric Dolphy, who had come over earlier with Mingus had remained in Europe to play with us, with the free jazz group. He wanted to bust loose and really play free. But he died. Suddenly. Rumor was that he was poisoned. That set me off and I began to realize that a lot of people were doing things to me to hang me up and I started to get very nervous. It seemed like they was always doing something to me to stop me from the way I was playing. I was getting sick a lot – drugs being put in my drinks and shit like that.

(Continued on Page 22)



TAPE RAPE

by Alex Gross

The one certain thing about videotape is that it will soon be changing our lives in ways that even its wildest prophets cannot foresee. But videotape is power, just as anything connected with television today is power, and it is perhaps not surprising that it has already begun to corrupt. Several groups have started to use videotape in the last year, setting up more or less public centers where alternate news and an alternate communications system could begin to bud. Perhaps the most important thing about videotape is that almost anyone can use it after a few brief lessons and start making his own tapes of the people and events around him. VT is almost as simple to use as a tape recorder, and the present downward trend in prices means that it will be in the hands of hundreds of thousands of people within the next year, reaching millions soon after.

All of the groups working with videotape have known that it is basically a popular medium, yet almost all of them have allowed themselves to be seduced by the allure of the television image into various forms of elitist theories or practices. There has also been the problem that videotape equipment is still relatively expensive and tends to break down rather easily, so that even the most idealistic entrepreneurs in this field have suddenly been cast into the role of petty capitalist, having to cover large outlays of money with whatever schemes they can devise.

To ease this dilemma and to help usher in this new form of communication, many of these groups have turned to the New York State Council on the Arts for a subsidy, and hereby hangs a tale and perhaps a scandal. One group called Raindance was so successful in their approach that they actually managed to get one of their members hired by the Council as consultant under a two-month contract. This consultant then proceeded to push through a grant amounting to a cool quarter million for his own group, cutting out all the other groups or reducing them to working through Raindance as power-broker. This consultant's contract was allowed to lapse, and it is obvious that any number of people at the State Council are sensitive to issues of fairness and will not allow the Raindance scheme to go through, but the story is typical of the ways otherwise idealistic videotape people have been working each other over.

Despite an enormous amount of enthusiasm in the field, there is no common agreement as to exactly where things are going or how they might get there. Some claim that videotape will replace conventional TV, others maintain that it will force the networks to initiate adult programming and adequate coverage of the counter-culture. Others have simply been overwhelmed by seeing themselves on the screen and imagine themselves as avant-garde versions of Dick Cavett, entering millions of homes in a not too distant future. It is obvious that videotape will change television in a number of ways, but no one is yet able to dot the i's or cross the t's – how the present underground tape people will merge with or take over the present establishment is anybody's guess, yet the potential is there, and this, along with the sense of power, has been inflaming a lot of minds with delusions of grandeur. A lot of the writing in the field is unbelievably pretentious end elitist, particularly when it sets out from a Marxist base. Others take refuge in pseudo-electronic jargon, and their sentences are more indeed than the most advanced circuit diagrams. There is no defense against these pretensions except to go quietly out into the field with begged, borrowed, or stolen equipment and tape the real struggles of the black, the persecuted and the young.

The establishment is probably just as confused by videotape as the underground. There is no other way to explain the profusion of systems and products about to hit the market. It is as though eight different systems of 33 RPm elpee records had appeared in 1949 instead of just one. Most young people are opting for the SONY system, simply because it has been available at a reasonable price longest, but there is no rhyme or reason in the systems that schools and community groups have been buying, and compatibility of equipment will remain a problem for a while.

But the real question for the big companies is what kind of software people can be conned into buying once they have obtained the recording and playback equipment. Here again there is no easy answer, which once again makes the various underground groups look absurd for competing with each other to get contacts with the big companies instead of working together for each other. Quite simply, no one knows what kinds of pre-recorded tapes are going to prove saleable. Already the initial claims of a mass market are receding in favor of announced editions of ten or twenty thousand, as in book publishing, and the profession is settling down to the idea that it owns an educational and communicational property rather than an entertainment one.

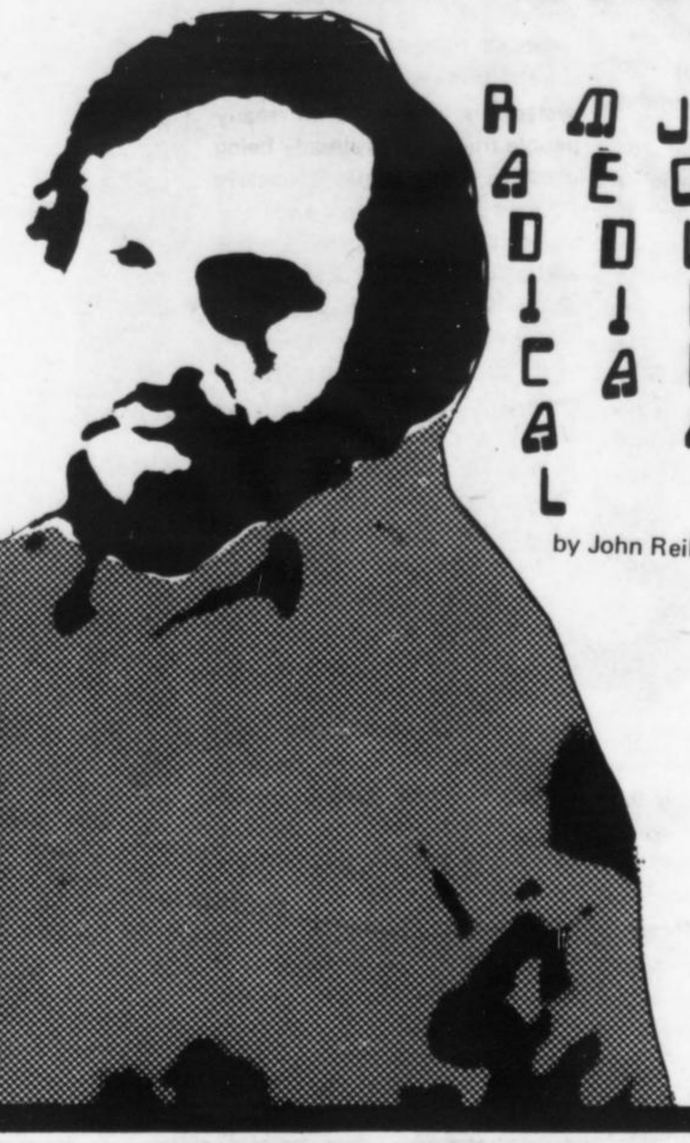
Some prophets imagine a large market in selling tapes of films already seen on TV or of more adult and/or obscene subjects. But the big question is how many times does anyone want to see any film, however good it may be, and there is no big answer. Many people would rather tape their own sex-play and orgies, anyway, rather than watch strangers. It may be that we will one day have the big-screen sensuous purely abstract patterns in our homes envisioned by Bradbury and other s-f writers, but even these will only work if the patterns do not repeat. The human eye simply gets bored watching the same thing happen over again. Knowledgeable professionals are guessing (and even this is only a guess) that the whole videotape market will remain confused until the advent of dial access in all homes. This will mean that anyone anywhere at any time will simply be able to dial a number on a phone dial to see whatever film or tape or bit of information he may choose. This system is nearer than many people think and is already being used in education. It clearly raises many questions concerning democracy, equal education, and the accessibility of knowledge. It will also pose a challenge to capitalist economics in this country, as the phone company and the networks will clearly want to charge for this service, whereas the principles of democracy must require that it be free and that the expense be borne by the state.

It is not too early to start gathering forces for this struggle, as it will take a well-informed coalition of educators, art council administrators, and professionals in every field to bring these new systems under the control of the people. Failure to join in this struggle will mean that the reverse will happen, that the people will be controlled by the systems. It is in the light of this greater struggle that the present squabbles in the videotape field must be seen as petty, irrelevant, and ultimately self-defeating.

TORN INTER

RADICAL MEDIA JOURNAL

by John Reilly



John: Rip, you did a production of Richard III in N.Y. last year and you had a great innovation in the play, in the sense of using video at multiple levels of feedback. What were your ideas in doing that?

Rip: Well, in this royal age we live in, where we have kings, and they are assassinated and princes fall, we have seen all the assassinations on T.V. So by putting the assassinations on T.V., even having our conspirator, Richard . . . .

John: How many assassinations are in Richard?

Rip: Countless numbers, there are several important ones in terms of . . . .

John: I was wondering if it corresponded fairly to one administration, in terms of heads being rolled?

Rip: Well, I think that heads have always rolled. Any time anyone speaks up for the poor in this country, well, heads will roll, usually it's only the poor man. Or, it's a great man like John Brown, whom they hung on a rope of cotton, so you get the idea. You see, they truly want to free black brothers and consequently free all brothers in the U.S. They usually call him mad and shoot him like Malcolm X. When his eloquent voice was silenced, they did not show that on TV as they showed the Kennedy assassination. Of course, I think that was kind of white racism too, because when black leaders are killed, it used to be done in an alley way or in the dead of night. I just saw a film about the Black Panther Party in Chicago. It was notably a record of Fred Hampton and they had a film, not when the onslaught began against him, but when they were carrying his body, and the pigs in Chicago have these checker caps, something like Rallston, and they are smiling. When these things happen on TV, most of the citizens look at it indifferently, and go about their business. In Shakespeare's Richard III, people wonder how you can have such an obvious villain who opposes a church man and its running up a war and finally is not going to be able to fight a foreign war, (he is going to beat down the rebels at home) a typical law and order man at the same time sexually repressed. I saw doing this as the tragedy of a tragic clown and did it up at the New Theatre Workship and I made some tapes of it.

John: In the production, you had to use video as means of feeding back the action, live action, and you had segments of the play pre-recorded and they were played at intervals during the play and then you had at other points the relationship drawn to the stage character to the pre-recorded material. What unfolds some of the layers of the textual devices?

Rip: Well sometimes the funny comic devices as having characters pop off the screen on to the stage, which in films is not a new thing. In television you see somebody pop off the TV to the stage and back on; this has been a comic device and people seem to be brought into the contemporary relevance of the play, although there were lines there of the assassination and injustice and people used to say, Come on, Shakespeare.

John: This production is in fact something we are working on together now, in terms of editing the tapes. What do you want to see happen in the future? You've been working on it a long time. What is the future of it?

Rip: I would like to go to San Francisco and then do another presentation of it and possibly use either color tape or film or maybe make a new kind of pre-recorded material, after I do that S.F. performance. I would come back and take sections of it and start inserting them into the tape. It would end up like a crazy kind of patch work quilt collage type of film, where you would have a continuation of action. So if we go on from S.F. to London and Paris or Japan, or whatever and then you would have a sense of the play to be done in the millieu of Shakespeare, the way he wrote it, because it was a revolutionary theatre. In fact, the first place the Puritans closed up was the playhouse, "sources of infection," but they were a bunch of cutthroats and rowdies. . . . .

John: I think we sufficiently dealt with the future, how about the past?

Rip: Flush it!

John: Would you like to make any comments on the whole Tony Perkins thing?

Rip: With a rented car, this has been the most affluent summer ever spent, I have been getting paid $245.00 to stay away from that theatre. So I haven't found another job. As I was driving my rented car one day, I said to Gerry, "I hope Tony is getting ready to hop on his bike and go down to "Steambath" to make some more money. I tell everyone Ira gave me a scholarship, so we're working on the Richard tape.

John: It's a Sabbatical of sorts, you are entitled to it every 8 years.

Rip: Well, I don't know if I were to take a true sabbatical, I think I would just float or fish. Something about these tapes scares me every now and then. It's a scary number. The parallels to our time are frightening. It's such a bloody play, but the people come through in the end. Richard, in the play Richard III, as written by William Shakespeare.

John: Did I forget to mention his name . . . dear me.

Rip: It's a funny name anyway, Shakespeare. It sounds like some cats, man shake! So, ah, he is the Boar, Giant Tusks; big and very powerful. Finally, when he kills the children; he finally does it! A lot of people go along with him.

John: What is the analogy to killing the children?

Rip: I think, continuing to drop fragmentation bombs and bomb civilian populations . . . napalm villages and people.

John: Do you see it in terms of our children, not killing the children of Asia, but killing the children of America.

Rip: That callouses them, the television news, I remember when the "Beard" was being performed, they wanted to build a case against it. At the same time, there were pictures being shown on the six o'clock news, cats in Saigon, they were taking rubble and dumping bodies, you know, Bang, Bang, Bang. You could still see an expression on some of their faces and, ah, . . . six o'clock news.

John: Obscenity, in the definition of society, is a strange thing; because some elements of the society are so obviously obscene, and yet, we're fed this obscenity on all levels.

Rip: Well everything is almost turned around, it's almost like Orwellian Society. It's like, we got to do this for peace and it's like a cat that gets himself in tremendous shape and learns all the skills and everything and finally he just feels tempted to go out and do it. I think that the people in this country got to realize that, white people, for example, have been beating on China for hundreds of years. We worry about drugs in this country and we forget that the Opium Wars were about the British wanting to sell to middle class China., to all their kids. Opium and have them hooked, so that they would have a good commodity market going on. They were raising it in India and selling it there; and they had a wise emperor saying "I don't want my kids getting hooked on the stuff, so I'm going to stop it." Talking about Opiates, he seizes ten chests of Opium, and of course, Britain and the U.S., I think France, Germany, everybody crashes in and says, "How dare they! One of those Gooks! They stole our ten chests of Opium, of course, we'll do what we want with those people." We still have that attitude. Can you imagine if China were on Baha, California?

John: Holding Hawaii and preventing us from "liberating" it . . . wouldn't be a bad idea.

Rip: No: There's too much wanted . . . It's like one fellow says, "Mekong Delta's the richest, it's like the Mississippi Valley, we got China by the nuts and ain't gonna let go. That kind of attitude is killing children.

This is available on video tape from EVO or Global Village. I am currently editing tapes of "Richard III" with Rip, with the intentions of presenting a full production of this Video space play in San Francisco. Any one who would like to help with this project please call me at 966-1515.

(Conversation to be continued in future issue)

18
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CLARK NARCS

by STONEHENGE TERRACE

Greetings from the EVO Suburban Bureau. That's right. The East Village Other has a bureau in the Suburban heartland of New Jersey. I am the manager of that bureau. A few words about myself and how the Bureau was born.

Of course, I will talk about myself first. You may have noticed, especially if you are the perceptive type, that my name is not one of your every day names. I am the descendant of a long line of Assimilationists. My family name several generations ago was Terrazo. Nothing wrong with that, especially if you are a Venetian glass blower . . . Which my ancestors were. But in the Land of Opportunity they became tinkers, and there just weren't many Italian tinkers around. So we became the Terrace family. By the time I arrived my parents wanted to uphold the Old English family tradition so they decided to give me a traditional English name. Hence the name Stonehenge, although most people who know me call me Stoney, Henge, or just plain Stoned.

Now, about the birth of the Bureau, I was sitting in one of the hotspots of Clark, N.J., the Burger King, with, among others, noted underground journalist and EVO stalwart D.A. Latimer. We had returned earlier from an abortive trip to Philadelphia (damn Livingston Hinckley!) and just endured a marathon frisbee game, featuring the gazelle-like leaps of Latimer and the skill and deftness of yours truly. This rigorous schedule necessitated a trip to the Burger King. So there I was munchin on a Whopper (I bet I wouldn't be eating one if I was still a Terrazo) when all of a sudden Latimer began staring intently toward the counter. No, that's not quite right, he was leering toward the counter and drooling ever so slightly. Up to the counter rushed Latimer. Could it be that he was in a hurry to order another Whopper? Could any human being consume two Whoppers in a given day? Would Latimer survive the gastronomical assault and continue to delight faithful EVO readers?

Have no fear, friends. What attracted him was a tall and comely lady who was taking an order for two cheeseburgers and a chocolate shake (we don't call them malts in Suburbia). Latimer had some words with her and returned to our table. Apparently, she was the girl of Latimer's dreams, his lifelong comicbook fantasy come true. Her name was Sue Cleary. Latimer immediately dedicated his life to her.

Or part of it, anyway. After a few minutes of consternation, Latimer prepared to speak. What would he say? Would he recite a bit of Spenserian stanza, or perhaps a Shakespearian love sonnet? Or would he express some lurid sexual desire? Well, it was nothing of the sort. He said, "Stonehenge, why don't you start a suburban EVO bureau here?" Why not?

For my first article then I am presenting an interview with two of the outstanding citizens of my home town, the Clark Narcs. By some bizarre coincidence I found myself in the same room as these guardians of law and after I overcame my initial paranoia I decided to find out what the dope situation was in Clark.

New Jersey, the Burger Kingdom

Latimer Vs. WHOPPER BURGER

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SUBURBAN REPORT

Here then is an interview with the Clark Narcs, Patric "Paddy" Mulligan and Walter "Hunk" Zabrisky.

ST: How busy are you guys here in Clark?

PM: Well, we're detectives and we investigate all crimes but if there is a drug case we handle it.

WZ: That's right.

ST: How many drug cases are there?

PM: Well, we haven't had an arrest in a long time.

ST: How long?

PM: I don't remember, to tell you the truth. What we do mainly is educate the community on the drug problem and keep an eye on past offenders.

WZ: That's right.

PM: There are over twenty thousand people here in Clark and we feel that it's our duty to let every parent know the signs and dangers of drug abuse and to let the kids know how serious it is to get involved with drugs.

WZ: That's right.

ST: Oh yeh, it sure is serious to get involved with drugs.

PM: Fortunately, there aren't many drug users in town.

ST: You mention that you "keep an eye" on people who have been convicted of drug offenses. How do you do this?

PM: Well, these people, there are three of them in town now, are very dangerous to the rest of the community. What we do is stop them periodically and search them. Whenever we see them in their cars we try to get them for any minor traffic offense that they commit, things that we'd let you or anyone else get away with. In general we try to make it difficult for them so they're persuaded to leave town.

ST: You harrass them.

PM: If you want to call it that. But these people are menaces to the community.

WZ: That's right.

ST: What types of drug offenses were they convicted of?

PM: Mostly marijuana, some heroin.

ST: What drug do you consider most dangerous?

PM: Well, marijuana by itself is not very dangerous but everyone we've ever picked up for your harder drugs – heroin, amphetamines, cocaine and LSD – has started on marijuana.

ST: In other words, you think that marijuana leads to the use of stronger drugs.

WZ & PM: That's right.

ST: Well, what about the millions of pot smokers who smoke regularly and don't get into other drugs?

PM: (Laughs) I don't know where you get your information, but let me tell you this. There aren't millions of pot smokers who just smoke pot. They use other drugs too. And eventually they become your heroin addict.

WZ: That's right.

ST: So when somebody in Clark is convicted of possession of marijuana you try to kick him out of town because there's no hope that he'll "rehabilitate."

PM: That's correct.

ST: Is pot addictive?

PM: No, but it is habit forming.

WZ: That's right.

ST: Well, what about the people that are lobbying for legalisation of marijuana in this country and in Canada, are they dangerous drug users?

PM: They're sponsored by the *COMMUNISTS*.

WZ: That's right.

ST: Oh come on now.

PM: That's a fact. The *COMMUNIST* Party is behind it. All the opium that becomes heroin is from *RED CHINA*. *COMMUNISTS* in South and Central America smuggle cocaine and pot into this country. And they're tied in with *COMMUNISTS* here who deal the drugs and manufacture hallucinogenic drugs. Then they try to use political pressure to legalize all drugs. It's all part of the *INTERNATIONAL COMMUNIST CONSPIRACY*, just like water flouridation . . .

Despite the vigilance of Sgt. Strangelove and his faithful companion Robin (Lord protect their precious bodily fluids), every kid I know in town that's past puberty is holding. But they must be right about one thing . . . That flouride in the water has made all of the kids radicals! Right on!

See you soon with another saga of the Suburbs.

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BOOKER N' PUSS!!!

CHAPTER TOO

FRICK

(Continued from Page 10)

Right after lunch is the best time to give an inflamatory speech to highschools, in 8 out of 10 cases so far this method has worked. the other two was instrument failure but everyone made a clean break out of the way of the law.

What was on the tape? well it was some speeches that were put together and cut up and rearranged like burroughs writes. there was some poetry by muhammed ali and a speech by malcom x some tape of robert kennedy talking to martin luther king and a whole lot of rock and soul music. the temptations, some old supremes records, some bo diddly music too. It was something youd expect to see on a broadway stage but it worked and everyone got away safe.

You can put what ever youd like on your tape i mean the choice is up to you, also the responsibility too. When it gets too weird i mean to the point where it dont even seem funny more thats the time to come in out of the rain and close the door. I been listening to a new collection of Beethoven records released as a set of classics called *The Beethoven Album*. Its on Columbia masterworks, Nr. MrX-821. It contains all the the best stuff with the exception of the Eroica.

It has the 5th and 9th symphonies, and the Moonlight, The Appassionate, and the Pathetique Sonatas.

Performed by Lenord Bernstein and the new york philharmonic and eugene ormandy and the philadelphia orchestra also with Rudolph Serkin, and the Morman Tabernacle Choir.

Theres a marker near where Beethoven was buried. the inscription is as follows:

"If we are still able to think of completeness in this disrupted age let us come together around his grave. From time immemorial poets and heroes and singers and holy men have existed so that the wretched the confused humans may raise themselves up by their example and call to mind their origins and their goal." 1827.

CHARLIE FRICK
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(Continued from Page 11)

WOMEN IN PRINT

cartoon feminists, finally gets sick of trying to join Iggy's dumb little slum of a clubhouse and says, "Fuck this shit!" Betty and Veronica finally tire of chasing after numbskilled Archie Andrews and decide to go out and join a women's liberation rap group.

Tirade Funnies, by an artist named Michele, is a devastating attack on all the shit that women have to suffer in the street. In Michele's strip, a woman walks out in the park to get some fresh air and is accosted by the usual polluting sounds of "Hey baby, over here," and "You've got nice tits," etc. Michele wonders if women "just dig all that attention, or why would we be out in the streets in the first place."

The book also contains two magnificent escape strip by Trina herself, "Lavender," and "Remember Telluria." Lavender is a beautiful sorceress who lives with a woman/lion/cat and who gets fucked by a deceitful, handsome rogue named Rohan every eighty years or so. Rohan shows up . . . fucks Lavender . . . drugs Lavender . . . tries to rip off one of Lavender's secret books that contains the mystery of the universe, but was foiled in his fiendish efforts. Lavender, being a sorceress and a woman, is much more clever than her muscular friend. She drugs Rohan. Her cat hides the book, Rohan takes off, and the two women drink an undrugged toast to sisterhood. "Telluria" is another one of Trina's escape trips – all about an ancient and exotic beauty who fights the forces of law and society for the lover of her own choosing.

Supergirl, disgusted with her status, declares her freedom by telling old Mr. Macho himself that, "This is the last time you're going to get away with this, Superman. I'm tired of being bossed around. Our partnership is over!!!" Petunia Pig stops cooking and cleaning for her fat porcine friend Porky. Even Juliet Jones, proto-heroine of dozens of love comic sob-sisters, breaks out. "You're one of the most fascinating and exasperating, mysterious men I've ever met," Miss Jones sighs tearfully. Then she stops. Recognition flashes across her face. "Who put these inane words in my mouth? How long must I be this mindless simp, kept docile under the shadow of an eraser??"

"It Ain't Me Comics" is clearly one of the most beautiful things yet to come out of the women's liberation movement. Aside from being funny and clever and well-drawn, the comic book opens a whole new world for women – a chance to express through pen and ink, the suffering, the fury and the joy that is the American feminine experience. Until "It Ain't Me Babe Comics," it hadn't really been done before. Let's hope that this book is just the beginning.

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OUT SIDE

(Continued from Page 15)

But then – it was weird – all these attempts on my life suddenly, strangely, just stopped. I remember that it was around the time that J.C. Moses came into town and tried to play like me in the new system – and right after him Paul Motian and Milford Graves. That made four New Jazz drummers. Right about then is when that shit broke up. Since then they been trying to starve me to death but there ain't been no more people trying to kill me with violence. I guess they figured there was getting to be too many of us to deal with that kind of way. Anyway, since then I ain't had no more hassles like that. I've been cool.

Then, when the time came to go home everybody split on me – Albert said, "Bye," and flew home. I was stranded and frightened. I was in a hotel room alone in a foreign country. The embassy said, "O.K., we'll send you home on an army boat." They told me what boat to catch.

And this is how another attempt on my life came about. I had known a chick from the earlier tour and she come up to me and invited me to stay at her home which was sixty miles from Copenhagen. I said, "I'm catching the boat tomorrow and I can't go that far." She said, "Don't catch that boat, catch the next one." So I got a strange vibration and I didn't go home with this lady. I packed my bags and headed for the train station to take a train to the port where the boat was.

When I got on the train, two cats got on right behind me. They were dressed very debonair. They kept watching me. Smiling at me. Everytime I went to eat they followed me into the dining car – real foreign intrigue shit! One time these dudes came and looked in my compartment and smiled and closed the door. I had me some smoke and I threw it out the window. I didn't know what was going on and I took this little Swedish dagger out and kept it near me all the time. When we got to the port, to Bremerhaven, the dudes changed clothes, man, and they came out dressed like sailors – and they weren't no sailors. This really messed up my head because what happened then was they changed into civies again and when I got off the train I saw the dudes cross the platform and get on a fucking train that was going *back*! It was too much, man. But that wasn't even it. On the boat, about three days at sea, a dude cuts into me and says, "You know the next boat that was leaving the day after this one? Everybody on that boat is just about dead, man." I said, "What happened?" He said, "There was an epidemic of spinal sclerosis or something. Somebody snuck a sick person on the boat and he died on the boat – he would have been dead in about three hours anyway." They had taken about four people off the boat in helicopters. So I'm thinking, damn, if I'd went over to this broad's house and layed up an extra day in her crib and caught the other boat I'd be dead.

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In TICk-Talk-Tao ("O" & "unkNOwN": THE Nr. IS 0, NOT 1.), I play X (THE Nr. IS 7 ("fAsT CHanGE" (noT faST CHanGE (" " Is nOT .).), nOT 6 (rEIIGIOn (Dr. pEppEr BABA BIBIE pEOpIE popEAII)). Bon (/pon/ BOn-pO/ pOn-BO (pO's "THE STrAnGE CAS Of arTHUr GOrdOn ryM")), THE prE-BUDDHISM rEIIGIOn of TIBET, Has a word "STOnEpA". (IHAsA, TIBET: BETHEIoHIM (MIIA BACkwArDs.)) ("GospEI Of THoMAs TwIn yEHUDI": "WHEn In BECOMEs OUT & OUT BECoMES In, wHEn Up BECOMES DOwn & DOwn BECOMES Up, wHEn MAIE BECOMES fEMaIE & fEMAIE BECOMES MAIE, nEITHEr MAIE nor fEMAIE (Ma(r)pA THE TranslaTor6 pErrEAUIT (AUTHOr of "rIQUET DE l'HOUppE" (rIGHT Off!), "IE pETIT roUGE CHApEron," "SIypInG BUDDHA DU BOIS (of GHE wOrDs")")'s "IE MarQUIs-MArQUIsE DU BOnnEvIIIE" (2 S-CApE WHA.))), THEn yoU wIII sEE THE fATHEr (pATros (pETros, "roCk")).") "If GIaSs wErEn'T BrITTIE, IT'd BE MOrE prECIOUS THAn GOID." (THEy MAkE pIATEs frOM IT.): I

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